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5. 1.

THE ADVENTURES OF Five Houres:

A

TRAGI-COMEDY.

As it is ACTED

At His Royal Highneſs the Duke of *YORK'S* *THEATRE.*

The Third Impreſsion,

Revis'd and Corrected by the Author

Sir *SAMUEL TUKE* K^t. and Bar^t.

——— *Nonumque prematur in Annum.*

Horat. de Art. Poet.

LONDON,

Printed by *T. N.* for *Henry Herringman*, at the Sign of the *Blew* [illegible]

UMI

THE PREFACE.

HAving been desir'd by a *Lady*, who has more than ordinary favour for this *Play* (though in other things very Judicious) to make a *Song*, and insert it in that *Scene* where you may now read it; I found it more difficult to disobey the Commands of this *Excellent Person*, than to obtain of my self, to write any more upon Subjects of this Nature.

This occasion'd the *Reuising* of this *Piece*; upon which I had not cast my Eyes, since it was first *printed*; and finding there some very *obvious Faults* (with respect to their Judgements, who have been pleas'd to applaud it) I could not well imagine how they came to escape my last hand; unless *Poetick Rage*, or in a more humble *Phrase*, *heat* of *Fancy*, will not, at the same time, admit the calm temper

of *Judgment*; or, that being importun'd by thoſe, for whoſe benefit this *Play* was intended; I was even forc'd to Expoſe it, before it was fit to be ſeen in ſuch good Company.

This refers onely to the *Dreſs*; for certainly the *Plot* needs no *Apology*; it was taken out of *Dom Pedro Calderon*, a celebrated *Spaniſh* Author, the Nation of the World who are the happieſt in the force and delicacy of their *Inventions*, and recommended to me by *His Sacred Majeſty*, as an *Excellent Deſign*; whoſe Judgment is no more to be doubted, than his Commands are to be diſobey'd: And therefore it might ſeem a great Preſumption in me, to enter my Sentiments, with his *Royal Suffrage*: But as *Secretaries of State* ſubſcribe their Names to the *Mandates* of their Princes, ſo at the bottom of the leaf I take the boldneſs to ſign my *Opinion*, that this is incomparably the beſt *Plot* that I ever met with: And yet if I may be allow'd to do my ſelf juſtice, I might acquaint the *Readers*, that there are ſeveral alterations in the *Copy*, which do not diſgrace the *Original*.

I con-

I confeſs, 'tis ſomething new, that *Trifles* of this nature ſhould have a Second *Edition*; but if, in truth, this *Eſſay* be at preſent more correct; I have then found an eaſie way to gratifie their *Civility*, who have been pleas'd to *Indulge* the *Errors* in the former *Impreſſions*.

If they who have formerly ſeen or read this *Play*, ſhould not perceive the *Amendments*, then I have touch'd the point, ſince the chiefeſt *Art* in Writing, is the concealing of *Art*: And they who diſcover 'em and are pleas'd with them, are indebted onely to themſelves for their new ſatisfaction; ſince their former favour to our negligent *Muſes* has occaſion'd their appearing again in a more ſtudied *Dreſs*; and certainly thoſe *Labours* are not ungrateful, with which the *Writers* and *Readers* are both pleas'd.

And ſince I am upon the Subject of *Novelties*, I take the boldneſs to advertiſe the *Reader*, that, though it be unuſual, I have in a diſtinct *Column*, prefix'd the ſeveral *Characters* of the moſt eminent *Perſons* in the *Play*; that being acquainted with them at his firſt ſetting out, he may the better judge how they

are

are carried on in the whole *Compoſition*; for *Plays* being *Moral Pictures*, their chiefeſt Perfections conſiſt in the Force and Congruity of *Paſſions* and *Humors*, which are the Features and Complexion of our Minds; And I cannot chooſe but hope, that he will approve the Ingenuity of this *Deſign*, though poſsibly he may diſlike the *Painting*.

As for thoſe who have been ſo angry with this *Innocent Piece*, not guilty of ſo much as that Current Wit, *Obſcenity* and *Profaneneſs*. *Theſe are to let them know*, that though the Author Converſes but with few, he Writes to all, and aiming as well at the *Delight* as *Profit* of his *Readers*, if there be any amongſt them, who are pleas'd to enter their *Haggard Muſes*, at ſo mean a *Quarry*, they may freely uſe their *Poetick Licence*; for, he pretends not to any *Royalty* on the *Mount of Parnaſſus*: and I dare anſwer for him that he will *ſing* no more, till he comes into that *Quire*, where there is room enough for all: and ſuch, he preſumes, is the *Good Breeding* of theſe *Critiques*, that they will not be ſo unmannerly as to crowd him there.

Farewell.

The PROLOGUE.

By Mr. Batterton.

IF *we could hit on't* Gallants, *there are due*
Certain Reſpects from Writers, *and from* you;
Which well obſerv'd, would celebrate this Age,
And both ſupport; and vindicate the Stage.
If there were onely Candour *on your part,*
And on the Poets Judgement, Fancy, Art.
If they remember that their Audience
Are Perſons of the moſt exalted Senſe;
And you conſider well, the juſt Reſpect
Due to their Poems, *when they are correct.*
Our Two Houſes, *then, may have the Fate,*
To help to form the Manners of the State;
For there are Crimes arraign'd a'th' Poets Bar,
Which cannot be redreſs'd at Weſtminſter.
Our Ancient Bards *their* Morals *did diſpenſe*
In Numbers to inſinuate the Senſe;
Knowing that Harmony *affects the Soul,*
And who our Paſſions charm, our Wills controul.
This our well-meaning Author *had in view,*
And though but faintly executed, you
Indulg'd th' Attempt *with ſuch Benevolence;*
That he has been uneaſie ever ſince;
For though his Vanity *you gratifi'd,*
The Obligation did provoke his Pride.
But he has now compounded with Ambition
For that more ſolid Greatneſs, Self-fruition.
And going to embrace a civil Death,
He's loath to die indebted to your Breath;
Therefore he would be even w'you, but wants force;
The Stream will riſe no higher than the Source.
And they who treat ſuch Judges *ſhould excell,*
Here, 'tis to do ill, to do only well;
He has, as other Writers *have, good Will,*
And onely wants (like thoſe) Nature and Skill;
But ſince he cannot reach th' envied Height,
H' as caſt ſome Grains in this to mend the Weight;
And being to part w' you, prays you to accept
This Reviv'd Piece, as Legacy *or* Debt.

Persons.	*Relations.*	*Characters.*
Dom. *HENRIQVE*	In love with *Camilla*, but rejected.	*Cholerick, Jealous, Revengeful.*
Dom. *CARLOS*	Near Kinsman to Don *Henrique.*	*A Well-natur'd Moral Gentleman.*
Dom. *OCTAVIO*	In love with *Porcia*, but feigning to be in love with *Camilla.*	*A Valiant and accompliſh'd Cavalier.*
Dom. *ANTONIO*	Contracted to *Porcia* by Proxy, before he ſaw her.	*A Soldier, haughty, and of exact honour.*
PORCIA.	Siſter to Don *Henrique.*	*Ingenious, conſtant, and ſeverely vertuous.*
CAMILLA.	Siſter to Don *Carlos.*	*Suſceptible of Love, but cautious of her honour.*
DIEGO	Servant to *Octavio*, bred a Scholar.	*A great Coward and a pleaſant Droll.*
FLORA	Waiting-woman to *Porcia.*	*Witty, contriving, and faithful to her Miſtriſs.*
ERNESTO, *SANCHO*	Servants to Don *Antonio.*	
STLVIO, *GERALDO*, *PEDRO*, *BERNARDINO*, *IAGO*	Servants to Don *Henrique.*	

The *CORRIGIDOR* and *ATTENDANTS.*

The SCENE

SEVIL.

The Adventures OF FIVE HOURS.

The First ACT.

The SCENE Don HENRIQUE'S House.

Enter Don Henrique.

Henr. HOw happy are the Men of easie Phlegm,
Born on the Confines of Indifference;
Holding from Nature, the secureſt Tenure,
The Peaceful Empire o'r themſelves; which we
Th'unhappy Men of Fire, without th'aids
Of mighty Reaſon, or Almighty Grace,
Are all our lives contending for in vain:

'Tis evident, that Solid Happineſs,
Is founded on the Conqueſt of our Paſsions;
But ſince they are the Favorites of Senſe,
Self-love bribes Reaſon ſtill, in their defence:
Thus in a Calm I reaſon; but when croſt,
The Pilot quits the Helm, and I am toſt.

Enter Silvio.

Silvio. Sir, Don *Carlos* is without.
Henr. VVait on him in.

Enter Carlos.

Carlos. Coſin, Methinks, this day hath longer ſeem'd
Than uſual; ſince 'tis ſo far advanc'd,
VVithout our ſeeing one another.
Henr. If I had not been hindred by ſome buſineſs,
I ſhould e'r this have ſeen you, t'have told you
Some pleaſing News, lately have receiv'd;
You have ſo often born with my Diſtempers,
'Tis fit that once, at leaſt, you ſhould partake,
Of my good humor.
Carlos. What cauſe ſoever has produc'd this change,
I heartily rejoyce in the effect;
And may it long continue.
Henr. I can inform you, by Experience now,
How great a ſatisfaction 'tis to find
A Heart and Head eas'd of a weighty care;
For a Gentleman of my warm temper,
Jealous of the Honour of his Family,
(As yet ne'r blemiſh'd) to be fairly freed
From the tuition of an Orphan Siſter,
Rich, Beautiful, and Young.
Carl. You know, Don *Henrique*, for theſe thirteen years,
That I have been with the like Province charg'd;
An onely Siſter, by our Parents Will,
(When they were call'd from all their cares below)

Committed

Committed to my truſt; much more expos'd
To the great World than yours; and (Sir) unleſs
Nearneſs of blood deceive me, ſhort of few
In thoſe perfections which invite the Gallants:
Yet thanks to my Temper, Coſin, as well
As to her Vertue, I have ſeen her grow
Even from her Childhood, to her dangerous Age,
Without the leaſt Diſturbance to my reſt;
And when with equal Juſtice I reflect
On the great Modeſty and Circumſpection
Of Lovely *Porcia*, I conclude, that you
Might well have ſlept as undiſturb'd as I.

Henr. Sir, I complain not of my Siſters Conduct;
But you know well, young Maids are ſo expos'd
To the Invaſion of audacious men,
And to the Malice of their envious Sex;
You muſt confeſs the Confines of their Fame
Are never ſafe, till guarded by a Husband;
'Tis true, diſcreet Relations ought to uſe
Preventions of all kinds; but dear *Carlos*,
The Blemiſh once receiv'd, no Waſh is good
For Stains of Honour, but th' Offenders Blood.

Carl. Y'are too ſevere a Judge of point of Honour.

Henr. And therefore having not long ſince receiv'd
The News, that Don *Antonio de Mendoza*
Is likely to be here this Night from *Flanders*;
To whom my Siſter, by th'intervention
O'th Marquis *D'Oliveta*, is contracted;
I will not cloſe theſe eyes, till I have ſeen
Her, and my Cares, ſafe lodg'd within his Arms.

Carl. I find your Travels, Coſin, have not cur'd you
Of that innate Severity to Women;
Urg'd juſtly as a National Reproach
To all of us abroad; the reſt o'th' world
Lament that tender Sex amongſt us here,
Born onely to be honorable Priſoners;
The greater Quality, the cloſer kept;
Which Cruelty is reveng'd upon our ſelves,

Whil'ſt by immuring thoſe, whom moſt we love,
We ſing, and ſigh onely to Iron Grates.
As cruel is that over-cautious Cuſtom,
By Proxy, to contract Parties unknown
To one another; this is onely fit
For Soveraign Princes, whoſe high Qualities
Will not allow of previous Interviews;
They ſacrifiſe their Love to Publick Good,
Conſulting Intereſt of State and Blood.
A Cuſtom, which as yet, I never knew
Us'd amongſt perſons of a lower rank,
Without a ſequel of ſad Accidents.
Sir, Underſtand me right; I ſpeak not this
By way of Prophecy; I am no Stranger
To Don *Antonio*'s reputation,
Which I believe ſo juſt, I no way doubt
Your Siſters being happy in him.

Henr. Don *Carlos*, let us quit this Argument;
I am now going to our Noble Friend
And Kinſman the *Corigidor*, to ſee
If he'll oblige us with his company
At my Siſters Wedding; will you come along?

Carl. Moſt willingly; as ſoon as I have brought
My Siſter hither, who has given this Evening
To her Coſin *Porcia*.

Henr. I have ſome buſineſs, Coſin, by the way,
I'll go before, and wait you i'th' *Piazza*.
Your ſervant, Sir. [Henrique *waits on him to the Door.*

[*Exit* Carlos.

Henr. This Kinſman is my boſom friend, and yet
Of all Men living, I muſt hide from him
My deep reſentments of his Siſters ſcorn;
That cruel Maid, to wound me to the Heart,
Then cloſe her Ears againſt my juſt complaints;
But though as yet I cannot heal my wound,
I may by my Revenge upon my Rival
Divert the pain; and I will drive it home;

There's

There's in Revenge a Balm, which will appeaſe
The preſent grief, and Time cure the diſeaſe. [*Exit* Henrique.

Enter Porcia.

Porcia. My heart is ſo oppreſt, with fear and grief,
That it muſt break, unleſs it finds relief;
The man I love, is forc'd to flie my ſight,
And like a *Parthian*, kills me in his flight;
One whom I never ſaw, I muſt embrace,
Or elſe deſtroy the honour of my Race.
A Brothers Care, more cruel than his Hate;
O how perplext are the Intrigues of Fate!

Enter Carlos *and* Camilla.

Carl. Coſin, I thought my Siſters company
Would not diſpleaſe you, whil'ſt I wait upon
Your Brother in a Viſit.
Porc. Sir, You oblige me with a welcom favour;
I rather ſhould have ſtil'd it Charity, [*Aſide:*
To bring a friend to her, whoſe cruel Fate
Has robb'd her of her ſelf.
Camil. Methinks, 'tis pity that a Wall ſhould make
The Houſes two, of Friends, ſo entirely one,
As you, and I, and our two Brothers are.
Porc. If it be true, that Lovers live much more
There where they Love, than where they Breath, I'm ſure
No Walls can ſever us, w'are ſtill together.
Carl. Were I not much engag'd, I would not quit
So ſweet a Converſation; but, Siſter,
At my Return I'll wait upon you home.
Porc. For this night, Coſin, pray let her be mine,
I beg it of you both.
Carl. You may command, we are both yours.
[*Exit* Carlos.
Porc. My dear *Camilla*, how I long'd to have thee, [Porcia
Where freely breathing out my Grief, I might *throws her ſelf*
Some

Some Mitigation from thy Pity find; *on Camilla's Neck.*
But ſince there's no true Pity without Pain;
Why ſhould I eaſe, by thy Affliction gain?
Camil. Ah *Porcia*! if Compaſſion ſuffering be,
And to condole be Pain; my Deſtiny
Will full Revenge in the ſame kind afford;
Should I, but my unequal'd griefs relate,
And you, but equally participate.
Porc. If yours, as mine, from Love-diſaſters riſe,
Our Fates are more ally'd than Families.
Cam. What, to our Sex, and blooming Age can prove
An Anguiſh worthy of our Sighs, but Love?
Porc. 'Tis true, *Camilla*, were your Fate like mine,
Hopeleſs to Hold, unable to Reſign.
Cam. Let's tell our Stories, then we ſoon ſhall ſee,
Which of us two excells in miſery.
Porc. Coſin, Agreed.
Cam. Do you begin then.
Porc. You know, *Camilla*, beſt, how generouſly,
How long, and how diſcreetly, Don *Octavio*
Has ſerv'd me; and what trials of his Faith,
And Fervour I did make, e'r I allow'd him
The leaſt Hope to ſuſtain his noble Love.
Coſin, All this you know; 'twas in your Houſe
We had our Interviews; where you were pleas'd
To ſuffer feign'd Addreſſes to your ſelf,
To cover from my watchful Brothers eyes
The paſſion, which *Octavio* had for me.
Cam. My memory in this needs no refreſhing.
Porc. And how one Evening (O that fatal hour)
My Brother paſſing by Don *Carlos* Houſe,
With his great Friend, and Confident Don *Pedro*,
Did chance to ſeeth' unfortunate *Octavio*,
In your Balcony, entertaining me;
Whom, not believing there, he took for you;
My Back being towards him, and both Dreſs'd alike;
Enrag'd with Jealouſie, this cruel Man
(To whom all Moderation is unknown)

Reſolves

Reſolves to ſtamp all your neglects of him,
In's ſuppos'd Rival, poor *Octavio's* heart;
They take their Stand i'th corner of our Street;
And after ſome little time, *Octavio*,
Free from Suſpicion, as Deſign of Ill,
Retires; they aſſault him, and in's own Defence
He kills Don *Pedro*, and is forc'd to flie;
My Brother cruelly purſues him ſtill,
With ſuch inſatiate thirſt after Revenge,
That nothing but *Octavio's* blood can quench;
Covering his ill Nature and Suſpicion
With the Reſentment of Don *Pedro's* death.

Camil. Is this the ſum of your ſad Story, *Porcia*?
Is this all?

Porc. No, no, *Camilla*, 'tis the Prologue onely,
The Tragedy will follow; this Brother
To whoſe impetuous Will, my deceas'd Parents
(May their Souls reſt in peace) having condemn'd
Me, and my Fortune; treats me like a Slave;
So far from ſuffering me to make my choice,
That he denounces Death if I refuſe;
And now to fruſtrate all my hopes at once,
Has very lately made me ſign a Contract
To one in *Flanders*, whom I never ſaw;
And is this night (they ſay) expected here.

Cam. Is ſuch a Rigor poſſible, dear *Porcia?*

Porc. Was ever miſery like mine, *Camilla?*
Reduc'd to ſuch Extreams, paſt all Relief?
If I acquaint my Brother with my Love
T' *Octavio*, the man whom he moſt hates,
I muſt expect the worſt effects of Fury;
If I endeavour to forget *Octavio*,
Even that Attempt renews his Memory,
And heightens my Diſquiet; If I Refuſe
To Marry, I am loſt; If I Obey,
I caſt *Octavio*, and my Self away.
Two ſuch Extreams of Ill, no Choice admit;
Each ſeems the worſt; on which Rock ſhall I ſplit?

Since

Since if I Marry, I cannot ſurvive;
And not to Marry; were to Die alive.
Cam. Your Story I confeſs is ſtrangely moving;
Yet if you cou'd my Fortune weigh with yours,
In Scales of equal ſenſibility;
You would not change your Sufferings, for mine.
Porc. What can there be in Nature more afflicting?
Than to be torn from th' Object of my Love?
And forc'd t'embrace a man, whom I muſt hate.
Cam. Have you not known that Object of your Love?
And entertain'd the Perſon you eſteem?
Have you not heard, and anſwer'd to his Sighs?
Has he not born his part in all your Cares?
Do not you live, and reign within his heart?
Porc. I doubt no more his Faith, then my hard Fate.
Cam. Tell me, deareſt *Porcia*, if I love one,
Whom I ſhall never ſee, ſuffring as much
Without the means of e'r expreſſing it,
As what I ſuffer is above Expreſſion;
If all my Sighs wander in fleeting Air,
And ne'r can reach his Ears, for whom th' are form'd;
If all my Paſsion, all my killing Cares,
Muſt be for ever to their Cauſe unknown;
If their ſad weight muſt ſink me to my Grave,
Without one Groan, that he can ever hear,
Or the leaſt Hope, that I ſhould e'r obtain
Eaſe by's Pity, or Cure by his Diſdain;
If this the State of my Misfortune be,
As Heaven that has decreed it, knows it is,
Say, deareſt *Porcia*, do you envy me?
Porc. What over-cruel Laws of decency
Have ſtruck you dumb? Have you miſplac'd your Love,
On ſuch a Party, as you dare not own?
Cam. No, no; the Cauſe is worthy of th' Effect;
For though I had no Paſſion for this Perſon,
I were Ungrateful, if I ſhould not give
The firſt place in my heart to ſuch high Merit.
Porc. If he has been ſo happy to deſerve

Your

Your Love, why are not you ſo Juſt, to let
Him know it?

Cam. 'Tis impoſſible; Ah! that diſmal word
Cleerly ſtates the difference of our Fortunes:
You, in your firſt Adventure, have been croſt,
But I, before I can ſet out, am loſt,

Porc. Pray make me comprehend this Myſtery.

Cam. 'Tis t'open my wounds afreſh, dear *Porcia*,
But you muſt be obey'd —— [*After a little pauſe.*
His Excellence the *Conde d'Oniate*
Being ſent *Ambaſſadour* to th'*Emperour*,
We having th' honour to be near ally'd
This Lady, who went with Him; my Brother
Was deſir'd, by her, to make that Journey:
Whoſe tenderneſs for me, not ſuffering him
To let me ſtay behind, I was engag'd;
And treated by th'*Ambaſſadreſs*, my Coſin,
With more reſpect, than I could ever merit.

Porc. She's a Lady, fam'd for great Civility.

Cam. We had not paſs'd much time i'th' *Emperors* Court,
When my dear Brother, unexpectedly,
By urgent Buſineſs, was call'd back to *Sevil*;
In our return (paſſing too near a Garriſon
Of th'Enemies) our Convoy was ſurpris'd
And routed by a Party of their Horſe.

Porc. Camilla, You begin to raiſe my fears.

Cam. We being Priſoners, were hurri'd ſtrait away
To th'Enemies Quarters, where my ill Fate
Made me appear too pleaſing to the Eyes
Of their Commander; who, at firſt approach,
Pretends to parly in a Lovers Style,
Proteſting that my Face had chang'd our Fortunes,
And him my Captive made: But finding ſoon
How little he advanc'd in his Deſign,
By Flattery, and his feign'd ſubmiſſion;
He ſhifts his Perſon, calls me his Priſ'ner,
And ſwears my Virgin Treaſure was his Prize;
But yet proteſts he had much rather ow it

To my Indulgence, than his own Good Fortune;
And ſo through Storms and Calms, the Villain ſtill
Purſues his Courſe to his accurſed End;
But finding me inflexible, t'his Threats
As well as Fawnings, he reſolves to uſe
The laſt, and uncontroled Argument
Of Impious Men in power, Force.

Porc. Ah poor *Camilla*, where was your dear Brother?
At a time of ſuch diſtreſs?

Cam. My Brother? he, alas, was long before
Born away from me, in the firſt Encounter;
Where having certainly behav'd himſelf,
As well became his Nation, and his Name,
Remain'd ſore wounded in another Houſe.

Porc. Pr'ythee make haſte to free me from this fright.

Cam. The Brute approaches, and by Violence
Endeavors to accompliſh his Intent;
I invocate my Guardian Angel, and reſiſt,
But with unequal force, though Rage ſupply'd
Thoſe Spirits, which my Fear had put to flight;
At length grown faint with crying out and ſtriving,
I ſpy'd a Dagger by the Villain's ſide,
Which ſnatching boldly out, as my laſt refuge,
With his own Arms I wound the Savage Beaſt,
He, at the ſtroke, unſeiz'd me, and gave back;
So Guilt produces Cowardice, then I
The Dagger pointing to my Breaſt, cry'd out,
Villain, keep off, for if thou do'ſt perſiſt,
I'll be my ſelf both Sacrifice and Prieſt.
I boldly now defie thy Luſt and Hate;
She that dares Chooſe to die, may Brave her Fate.

Porc. O how I Love and Envie thee at once, [Porcia *ſtarts to her and kiſſes her.*
Go on brave Maid.

Cam. Immediately the Drums and Trumpets ſound,
Piſtols go off, and a great Cry, to Arms,
To Arms: The Luſtful *Satyr* flies; I ſtand
Fix'd with amazement to the Marble Floor,
Holding my Guardian Dagger up aloft,

As

As if the Raviſher had threatned ſtill.
Porc. I fancy thee, *Camilla*, in that brave poſture,
Like a Noble Statue, which I remember
To have ſeen, of the inraged *Juno*,
VVhen ſhe had robb'd *Jove* of his Thunderbolt.
Cam. Freed from this Fright, my Spirits flow'd ſo faſt,
To the forſaken Channels of my Heart,
That they, who by their orderly Acceſs
VVould have ſupported life, by Throngs oppreſs.
O'rcharg'd with Joy, I fell into a ſwoon;
And that which happen'd during this Interval,
Is not within the Circle of my Knowledge.
Porc. Y'have rais'd me to a mighty expectation;
VVill the Adventure anſwer it, *Camilla*?
Camil. At my return to life, op'ning my eyes,
Think, deareſt *Porcia*, how I was aſtoniſh'd
To find there kneeling by my ſide, a Man
Of a moſt Noble Form, who bowing to me,
Madam (ſays he) y'are welcome to the VVorld;
Pardon, I pray the Boldneſs of a Stranger,
VVho humbly ſues t' you to continue in it;
Or if you needs will leave us, ſtay at leaſt
Until I have Reveng'd your wrongs, and then
I'll wait upon you to the other world;
For you with-drawn, this will a Deſart ſeem,
And Life a Torment.
Porc. High Gallantry, Coſin, for the firſt Addreſs.
Cam. 'Twas ſo ſurprizing, that my Confuſion
Check'd my Reply; but I ſuppoſe my Looks
Did ſpeak the grateful Language of my heart;
For I perceiv'd an Air of Joy enlighten
His Manly Face; but, Oh! how ſoon 'twas clowded,
By freſh Alarms; We heard the Soldiers cry,
Where's *Antonio*? the Enemy is rally'd,
And coming on to give a ſecond Charge;
He ſtarted up, and with a Meen, that mark'd
The Conflict 'twixt his Honour and his Love;
Madam, (ſays he) the Soul was never yet

VVith ſuch Convulſion from the Body torn,
As I from you; but it muſt ne'r be ſaid,
That Don *Antonio de Mendoza*
Follows thoſe in Dangers, whom he ought to lead;
Thus, the Vanquiſh'd Conqueror diſappear'd,
Leaving that Image ſtamp'd upon my Heart,
To which I all the Joys muſt ſacrifice
Of the poor Remnant of my wretched Life;
If properly to live I may be ſaid, [*She puts her Handkerchief to her eyes.*
VVhen all my hopes of ſeeing him are dead.

Porc. Though you have kept this part of your Adventure
Still from me.

Cam. And from every Body living.

Porc. I have obſerv'd the Signs of Smother'd Grief.
I've often ſeen thoſe Lovely Eyes much ſwoln,
Thoſe are true Tears, Camilla, *which are ſtolu.*
But what ſaid you was his Name *Camilla?*

Cam. *Antonio de Mendoza!*

Porc. O Heavens! *Antonio de Mendoza.*

Enter Henrique.

Henr. I'm pleas'd to find you ſpeaking of your Husband.

Cam. VVhat's that I hear? her Husband? [*Aſide.*

Henr. Have you the Letter ready, I deſir'd you
To write t'him? I'll ſend a Servant with it,
To meet him on the way, 'twill ſhew Reſpect.

Porc. You know my obedience, Brother.

Henr. 'Tis well, Siſter.

Enter Sylvio.

Sylv. Sir, Here's a Servant of Don *Antonio*
Newly alighted at the Gate; he's come
Poſt from his Maſter, charg'd with Letters for you.

Henr. I could not have receiv'd more welcome News,
Go, bring him in; Siſter you may with-draw.

Exeunt Porcia *and* Camilla.

Enter

Enter Erneſto *and* Sylvio.

Erneſt. Sir, Don *Antonio* kiſſes your hands,
And ſends me to preſent this Letter to you.
[*He gives a Letter to Don* Henrique.]

Don Henrique *opens it, and having read it to himſelf, ſays,*

Hen. I'm glad to find by's Letter he's in health,
Yet methinks, Friend, he writes but doubtfully,
Of's being here, this night, as I expected.
Ern. His Letter, I ſuppoſe Sir, ſpeaks his purpoſe.
Hen. I'll anſwer't, and diſpatch you preſently,
In the mean while go make him wellcome, *Sylvio.*
[*Exeunt* Sylvio *and* Erneſto.
I wou'd to Heaven he were arriv'd; I grow
Each minute more Impatient: As Bodies
Near their Center move with more violence,
So, when w'approach the Ends of our Deſigns,
Our Expectations are the more Intenſe
And our Fears greater of all croſs Events. [*Exit* Henrique.

Enter Sylvio, Erneſto, Geraldo, Pedro, Bernardino, Jago, *with ſome Cups of* Chocolate.

Sylv. Methinks Camerade, a ſoop of Chocolate
Is not amiſs, after a tedious Journey;
Your Maſters Health, Sir. [*He drinks.*
Ern. I'll do you reaſon, Sir.
Syl. Pray how long is't, Brother, ſince you left *Spain*?
Ern. 'Tis now five years and upwards, ſince I went
From *Sevil*, with my Maſter, into *Flanders*,
The King's Fencing-School; where all his Subjects
Given to Fighting, are taught the uſe of Arms,
And notably kept in breath.
Sylv. Your Maſter, I am ſure, has got the Fame
To be a Per'lous Man in that rough Trade.
Ern. He's a brave Soldier, Envy muſt confeſs it.

Pedro

Pedr. It seems so, faith, since meerly by the force
Of his great Reputation, he can take
Our bright young Mistriss in without a Siege.
Ern. If I mistake not, she will be reveng'd
On him, e'r long, and take him too, by th' force
Of her rare Wit and Beauty.
Pedr. S'has a fair portion, Sir, of both, I dare
Assure you.
Sylv. But prethee, Brother, instruct us a little,
Tell us, what kind of Countrey is this *Holland*,
That's so much talk'd of, and so much Fought for.
Ern. Why, friend, 'tis a huge Ship at Anchor, fraught
With a sort of Creatures, made up of Tuff,
And Butter.
Pedr. Pray, Sir, what do they drink in that Countrey?
'Tis said, there's neither Fountains there,
Nor Vines.
Ern. This is the Butler, sure, by his apt question. [*Aside.*
Friend, they drink there a certain muddy Liquor,
Made of that Grain, with which you feed your Mules.
Pedr. What? Barley? can that Juice quench their thirst?
Ern. You'd scarce believe it cou'd, did you but see
How oft they drink.
Pedr. But methinks, that shou'd make them drunk, Camerade,
Ern. Indeed most Strangers are of that opinion,
But they Themselves believe it not, because
Th'are so, so often.
Ger. A Nation sure of Walking Tuns; the World
Has not the like.
Ern. Pardon me, Friend, there is but a great Ditch
Betwixt them, and such another Nation;
If these Good-fellows would but Joyn, and drink
That dry, i'faith they might shake hands.
Ger Prethee, friend, can these Dutch *Borracio's* Fight?
Ern. They can do even as well, for they can Pay
Those that can fight.
Sylv. But where, I pray Sir, do they get their Money?
Ern. Oh Sir, they have a thriving Mystery;

They

They Cheat their Neighb'ring Princes of their Trade,
And then they buy their Subjects for their Soldiers.

Sylv. Methinks our Armies ſhould beat theſe Butter-Boxes
Out of the world.

Ern. Truſt me Brother, they'l ſooner beat our Armies,
Out of their Countrey; Why, ready Money, Friend,
Will do much more, in Camps, as well as Courts,
Than a Ready wit, I dare aſſure you.

Ger. Methinks, Camerade, our King ſhould have more Money,
Than theſe Dutch Swabbers, He's Maſter o'th' *Indies*
Where Money grows.

Ern. But they have Herrings, Friend, which I aſſure you,
Are worth our Maſter's Mines.

Ger. Herrings! why what a Devil do they grow
In their Countrey?

Ern. No faith, they fiſh 'em on the *Engliſh Coaſt*,
And fetch their Salt from *France*, then they pickle 'em,
And ſell 'em all o'r the world.

Ger. 'Slife theſe Raſcals live by Cookery.

Ern. This is the codled Cook, I've found him out. [*Aſide.*

Bern. What kind of Beds Sir have they i'that Countrey?

Ern. This I dare ſwear's the Groom o'th' Chamber. [*Aſide.*
Sir, they have certain Niches in their Walls,
Where they climb up a Nights, and there they ſtew,
In their own Greaſe, till Morning.

Jago. Pray Sir, Give me leave to ask you one queſtion,
What manner of Women have they in that Countrey?

Ern. The Gentleman-Uſher upon my life, [*Aſide.*
Pray excuſe me, Sir, we Gentlemen Soldiers
Value our ſelves upon our Civility
To that ſoft Sex; and in good faith, they are
The ſofteſt of that Sex, I ever met with.

Jago. Does any of our Spaniards ever marry
With 'em?

Ern. Yes ſome Lean Families, that have a mind
To lard their Progeny.

Sylv. What, a Gods name, could come into the Heads
Of this People, to make them Rebel?

Ern.

Ern. Why Religion; that came into their Heads
A Gods name.
Ger. But what a Devil made the Noblemen
Rebel, they never mind Religion?
Ern. Why that which made the Devil himself Rebel,
Ambition.
Syl. This is a pleasant Fellow; [*Aside.*
I find you Gentlemen Soldiers want no wit.
Ern. Not when w'are well paid Sir, but that's so seldom,
I find that Gentleman wants wit that is
A Soldier: your Company's very good,
But I have business which requires Dispatch.
Pedr. Will you not mend your Draught before you go
Ern. I thank you, Sir, I have done very well.
All. Your servant, your servant, *&c.* [*Exeunt.*

Enter Camilla, Porcia, Flora.

Porc. Was e'r Disaster like to mine *Camilla?*
Cam. Was e'r Misfortune *Porcia*, like to mine?
Porc. That I must never see *Octavio* more.
Cam. That I again must Don *Antonio* see,
Yet never see him mine.
Porc. I, to be marry'd to the Man I hate.
Cam. And I, to have the Man I love, torn from me.
Porc. I am by Robbing of my Friend, undone.
Cam. I, for not hind'ring of the Theft, am lost.
Porc. Ye Powers, who these intangled fortunes give,
Instruct us how to Die, or how to Live. [*she weeps.*
Cam. Cosin, when we should Act, then to Complain
Is Childishly to beat the Air in vain.
These descants on our Griefs onely perplex;
Let's seek the Remedy; you know, our Sex
This Honour bears from Men, in Exigents
Of Love, never to want Expedients.
Porc. You have awaken'd me, give me your Vail, [Porcia *takes off*
Quickly, dear Cosin quickly, and you, *Flora*, Camilla's *Vail, and*
Run presently, and see whether my Brother *puts it on her self.*

Be

Be ſetled to diſpatch *Antonio*'s Man. [*Exit* Flora.

Cam. What mean you *Porcia?*

Porc. If once my Brother be ſet down to write,
I may ſecurely reckon one Hour mine;
For he is ſo extravagantly Jealous,
That he Diſtruſts the ſenſe of his own words;
And will weigh a Subſcription to a ſcruple,
Leaſt he ſhould wrong his Family by his Stile;
Therefore I'll ſerve my ſelf of this Occaſion
To ſee *Octavio*, and to let him know;
That all our hopes are ready to expire,
Unleſs he finds ſome prompt Expedient
For our Relief.

Cam. Pray how, and where d'you hope to ſpeak with him,

Por. At his own Houſe, where he lies yet conceal'd,
'Tis not far off, and I will venture thither.

Cam. D'you know the way.

Porc. Not very well, but *Flora*'s a good Guide.

Enter Flora *haſtily.*

Flor. O Madam! he's coming already.

Porc. Ah ſpiteful Deſtiny! come let's retire
Into my Chamber, Coſin. [*Exeunt* Porcia *and* Camilla.

Enter Henrique *and* Erneſto.

Henr. If you deſire to ſee her, Friend, you may.

Ern. I ſhould be glad to acquaint my Maſter, Sir,
That I have had th' honour to ſee his Bride.

Henr. Where's your Lady, *Flora?*

Flora. She's in her Chamber, Sir.

Flor. Tell her, *Antonio*'s Man attends her here.
To do his Duty to her, e'r he goes, [*Exit* Flora.
Stay here; you'll find her with a Kinſwoman
In her home-dreſs, without a Vail, but you
Are privileg'd, by your Relation, for this acceſs,
I'll go diſpatch my Letter. [*Exit* Henrique.

Enter Camilla, Porcia, *and* Flora.

Erneſto *addreſſes himſelf to* Camilla, *ſeeing her without a Vail.*

Ern. Madam, I have been bold to beg the Honour
Of ſeeing your Ladyſhip, to make my ſelf
More welcome to my Lord, at my return.
Porc. A rare miſtake, further it, dear *Camilla.* [*Aſide.*
Who knows what Good this Error may produce?
Camil. Friend, in what ſtate left you your Lord and mine?
Ern. As happy, as the Hopes of being yours
Could make him, Madam.
Camil. I wou'd the Maſter were as eas'ly deceiv'd. [*Aſide.*
I pray preſent my humble ſervice to him;
And let him know, that I am very glad
He has paſt his Journey ſo ſucceſsfully,
Give him the Letter *Flora*, farewel Friend.
Exit Camilla, Porcia, *and* Flora.
Ern. Now by my life, ſhe is a lovely Lady;
My Maſter will be raviſh'd with her Form;
I hope this blind Bargain, made by Proxy,
May prove as happy a Marriage, as thoſe
Made after th' Old Faſhion, chiefly for Love;
And that this unſeen Beauty may have Charms,
To bring him back to his right wits again,
From his wild Ravings on an unknown Dame,
Whom, as he fancies (once upon a time)
He recover'd from a Trance, that's to ſay
From a ſound Sleep, which makes him Dream e'r ſince.
I'll haſten to him with this pleaſing News. [*Exit* Erneſto.

Enter Camilla, Porcia, Flora.

Cam. My Melancholy could hardly hinder me
From laughing at the formal Fools miſtake;
But tell me, Did not I preſent your Perſon

With

With rare aſſurance? the way for both to thrive,
Is to make me your Repreſentative.
Porc. Moſt willingly, and I am confident,
When you, your Charms ſhall to his heart apply,
You all your Rivals ſafely may defy.
Camil. I wiſh I could be vain enough to hope it.
But, Coſin, my Deſpairs are ſo extream,
I can't be flatter'd, though but in a Dream.
Flor. Madam, Do we go, or what d'you reſolve on.
Porc. I muſt reſolve, but know not what to chooſe.
Camil. Coſin, take heed, I am afraid you venture
Too much, your Brother cannot tarry long;
And, if at his return he finds you miſſing ——
Porc. Y'have reaſon, th'opportunity is loſt,
What is't a Clock, *Flora?*
Flor. I think near Seven, for the Clock ſtruck Six
Juſt as *Camilla* enter'd the Chamber.
Porc. Quick then, *Flora*, fetch your Vail, you ſhall carry
My Tablets to *Octavio*; there he'll find
The Hour, and Place where I would have him meet.
[*Exit* Flora.
Cam. 'Tis well reſolv'd; but where do you deſign
Your Meeting?
Porc. In the Remoteſt part of all the Garden,
Which anſwers (as you know) to my Apartment;
And *Flora* has the Key of the Back-door.
Cam. As the Caſe ſtands, yon chooſe the fitteſt place.
[Flora *returns vail'd.*]
Porc. Coſin, I beg your patience whil'ſt I write [Porcia *writes*
Cam. You, Miſtriſs *Flora*, by this Accident *in her Tablets.*
May chance to ſee your faithful Lover, *Diego.*
Flor. He is a faithful Lover of himſelf,
Without a Rival, Madam.
Camil. Damſel, Your words and thoughts hardly agree;
For could we ſee his Image in your Heart,
'Twould be a fairer far, than e'r his Glaſs
Reflected.

Flor. Madam, I am not yet ſo very old,
That I ſhould dote.
Camil. Nor yet ſo very young, but you may love.
Dotage and Love are Coſin-Germains, *Flora.*
Flor. Yes, when we love, and are not lov'd again; [*Smiling.*
For elſe, I think th'are not ſo near a kin.
Camil. I have touch'd a Nettle, and ſtung my ſelf. [*Aſide.*
Porc Make all the haſte you can, pray *Flora.*
Flor. Madam, I'll flie.
Should I not play my part, I were too blame,
Since all my Fortune's betted on her Game. } [*Aſide.*
Madam, has *Octavio* the other Key
Belonging to the Tablets?
Porc. Yes, yes, I pray make haſte. [*Exit* Flora.
Camil. Coſin, Pray call for *Mirabel*, and let her
Divert us with a Song.
Porc. Who waits there?

Enter Page.

Page, Bid *Mirabel* come in and *Floridor*
With his Lute, and ſend in ſome body with Chairs.
Cam. Pray Coſin, let her ſing her neweſt Air.
Por. What you pleaſe.
Cam. Tell me, prethee, whoſe Compoſition was it?
Porc. Gueſs, and I'll tell you true. [*They bring in*
Cam. Octavio's. *Chairs.*
Porc, Y'are i'th' right.

Enter Mirabel *and* Floridor.

Porc. Mirabel ſing *Miſtaken kindneſs.*

The Song.

Can Luciamira *ſo miſtake,*
To perſwade me to flie;
'Tis (cruel-kind) for my own ſake,
To counſel me to die.

Like

Like thoſe faint ſouls, who cheat themſelves of breath,
And die for fear of death.

Since Love's *the Principle of Life,*
And you, th' Object lov'd,
Let's, Luciamira, *end this ſtrife,*
I ceaſe to be remov'd.
We know not what they do, are gone from hence,
But here we love by ſenſe.

If the Platonicks *who would prove*
Souls without Bodies love,
Had, with reſpect, well underſtood
The Paſſion's i'the Blood,
Th' had ſuffer'd Bodies to have had their part,
And ſeated Love i'th' Heart.

Porc. What diſcord there's in Muſick, when the Heart,
Untun'd by trouble, cannot bear a part.
Cam. In vain we ſeek Content in outward things,
'Tis onely from within where Quiet ſprings.

The

The Second *ACT.*

The SCENE
The City of *SEVIL.*

Enter Don Antonio and Sancho *in Riding Cloaths.*

San. SIr, we are arriv'd in very good time.
An. I did not think it would have been so soon
By an hour at least, but Lovers ride apace.
Why smile you *Sancho?*
San. Faith at the Novelty of your Amours,
To fall in love with one, you hardly saw,
And marry one, you never saw, 'tis pretty,
But we poor Mortals have another Method.
An. Y'are very pleasant, Friend, but is not this
The Market Place behind the *Jacobins?*
San. Yes Sir.
An. 'Tis here I charg'd *Ernesto* to expect me.
San. Since you are here, Sir, earlier than you thought,
Why might you not go shift you at the Post-house?
And be return'd, before *Ernesto* come;
Howe'r, 'tis better, that he wait for you,
Than you for him, i'th' open Street.
An. 'Tis well thought on; Come let's go then. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Don Octavio *and* Diego.

Octa. Come, *Diego*, 'tis now time to quit our Dens,
And to begin our Chase.
Dieg. Of what, Sir? Bats, or Owls, now the Sun's set:
Call you this making of Love? why methinks,
'Tis more like making of War; marching all night

In

In Arms, as if we design'd to Beat up
The Enemies Quarters.

Oct. Why, would not you venture as much for *Flora?*

Die. No in good faith Sir; I shall venture enough,
If e'r I marry her; I'll run no hazard,
(By my good will) before-hand.

Oct. That's from your fear, not prudence, *Diego.*

Die. Sir, you may call it what you please, but I
Dare boldly say, there lives not in the world
A more Valiant Man, than I, whil'st Danger
Keeps its Distance; but when saweily
It presses on, then (I confess) 'tis true,
I have a certain tenderness for life,
Which checks my ardor, and enclines my prudence
Timely to with-draw.

Oct. Your Style is wondrous civil to your self;
How you soften that harsh word, call'd Cowardice;
But the danger is not alwayes evident,
When you are pleas'd, my Friend, to run away.

Die. It may be so, Sir, not to Vulgar eyes;
But I have such a piercing sight, that I
Discover Perils out of others Ken;
Which, they not seeing soon enough to shun,
Are forc'd t' encounter; and then their strugling
Is, by th'unwary world, taken for Courage.

Oct. Who's truly valiant, will be alwayes so.

Die. Who's wisely valiant will avoid the Foe.

Oct. You have more Light, *Diego*, I see than Heat;
But I'll allow your Wit and Honesty
To come to Composition for your want
Of Courage.

Die. I have Courage enough for the Profession
To which my Parents did design me.

Oct. Why what was that?

Die. An Advocate; I could have acted Choler
In my Clients sight, and when his back was turn'd,
Have hugg'd the Lawyer of th'adverse Party;
And if I mistake not, they sell their Breath:

Much

Much dearer than you Souldiers do your Blood,
'Tis true you get Honour, a fine light food,
For delicate Complexions; but I have
Known ſome Captains of plain Stomachs ſtarve upon't.

Oct. The Varlet's i'the right. How cam't about [*Aſide.*
You were not of this thriving Trade?

Die. After I had ſpent ſeven years at *Salamanca*,
My Father, a rich Merchant of this City,
Was utterly undone, by that Damn'd Engliſhman,
With whom we fright our Children.

Oct. Who Captain *Drake*? Was he a *Pyrate*?

Die. He had been ſo on this ſide of the Line.

Oct. 'Tis ſtrange that War and Peace ſhould have degrees
Of Latitude; one would have thought they ſhould
Have been the ſame all o'r the world; but what's this
To my Amours? I trifle away my time,
Was ever Lover's Fate ſo rude as mine?
Condemn'd to Darkneſs, for'ced to hide my Head,
As well as Love? and to ſpight me the more,
Fortune has Contradictions reconcil'd,
I am at once a Priſ'ner, and exil'd.

Enter Antonio *and* Sancho.

An. Methinks, *Erneſto* ſhould not tarry long,
If not already come; *Sancho*, how call you
The Street there juſt before us? where you ſee
Yon Gentleman with his Cloak o'r his face?
I have loſt all my meaſures of this Town.

San. I am as much to ſeek as you, Sir.

An. Let us go to him, *Sancho*, and enquire;
He has a notable good Meen; I ne'r
Saw an Air more like *Octavio*'s.

Oct. Unleſs my eyes do very much deceive me,
That's Don *Antonio*; if it be he, *Diego*,
There is no danger in his knowing us:
He was my *Camerade* when I firſt bore Arms; [Octavio *lets fall his*
'Tis He. *Cloak from before his face.*

An.

An. You injure me *Octavio*, to be ſo long
A knowing one, who's ſo intirely yours. [*They embrace.*
Oct. Your preſence in this place, Noble *Antonio*,
Was ſo unexpected, I hardly durſt
Believe my eyes; When came you to this Town?
An. I am juſt now arriv'd.
Oct. I joy to ſee you here, but ſhould have thought
It likelier to have heard of you at Court,
Purſuing there, the Recompences due
To your great Merit.
An. That is no place for men of my Morality;
I have been taught, *Octavio*, to deſerve,
But not to ſeek Reward; that does prophane
The Dignity of Virtue; if Princes,
For their own Intereſts, will not advance
Deſerving Subjects, they muſt raiſe Themſelves,
By a brave Contempt of Fortune.
Oct. Rig'rous Virtue! which makes us to deſerve,
Yet ſuffer the neglect of thoſe we ſerve,
An. Virtue to Intereſt, has no regard;
Nor is it Virtue, if w' expect reward.
Oct. If for their ſervice, Kings our Virtues preſs,
Is no pay due to Valour and Succeſs?
Ant. When we gave up our Perſons to their Will,
We gave, with thoſe, our Valour, Fortune, Skill.
Oct. But this Condition tacitely was meant
Kings ſhould adjuſt, Reward, and Puniſhment.
Ant. Kings are the onely Judges of Deſerts
And our Tribunal's ſeated in their Hearts.
Oct. But if they judg, and act amiſs, what then?
Ant. They muſt account to th' Powers above, not Men.
Oct. Then we muſt ſuffer. *An.* Yes; if we reject
Their Power as too great; we muſt erect
A greater to Controul them; and thus we
Inſtead of ſhrinking, ſwell the Tyranny.
Oct. W'obey for fear then. *An.* True, *'Tis onely above*
Where Power is Juſtice, and Obedience Love.
Oct. I'm glad to find, in you, the ſeeds yet left

Of ſteddy Virtue; may they bring forth fruit
Fit to Illuſtrate, and Inſtruct the Age.
Let me once more embrace you; Welcome brave Man, } *Embraces*
Both the Delight, and Honour of your Friends. } Antonio.

An. You will give me leave, Sir, to diſtinguiſh
Betwixt your Judgment, and Civility.

Oct. He has not liv'd i'th' reach of Publick Fame,
Who is a ſtranger to your Character.
This is my Houſe, be pleas'd, Sir, to go in,
And make it yours; though truly at preſent
I am but in an ill Condition
To receive the Honour of ſuch a Gueſt;
Having by an unlucky Accident
Been forc'd of late to keep my ſelf conceal'd.

An. I humbly thank you, Sir, but cannot yet
Receive your Favour, for I muſt ſtay here
Expecting the Return of one, I ſent
Before me to my Brother-in-Laws.

Oct. Have you a Brother-in-Law in *Sevil?*
You ſurprize me much.

An. It is moſt true, *Octavio*, I come hither
A Marri'd-Man, as much as Friends can make me.

Oct. Since it imports you not to miſs your Servant,
Let us ſtay here without, untill he comes;
And then go in, and reſt your ſelf awhile.
But, How go our Affairs in *Flanders?*

An. I left our Armies in a better State,
Than formerly.

Oct. And your Governour, the *Duke of Alva*,
I ſuppoſe, in great Reputation.

An. The Honour of our Countrey, and the Terror
Of others; Fortune conſulted Reaſon,
When ſhe beſtow'd ſuch Favours upon him.

Oct. And yet 'tis ſaid, he looſes ground at Court.

An. 'Tis poſſible; *Under a Jealous Prince,*
A great's as prejudicial, as an evil Fame.

Oct. They ſay he's cruell, even to Barbarity.

An. 'Tis Mercy, that, which they call Cruelty.

In

In a Civil Warr, in fertil Provinces,
(And the Sun ſees not richer, than are theſe;)
The Souldier, eſpecially th' *Auxiliary*,
Whoſe trade it is to fight for Salary;
Is brib'd by gain, the Rebells lives to ſpare;
That mutual Quarter may prolong the Warr.
Till this ſlow Feaver has conſum'd their force,
And then, they'l fall t'our Rival *France*, of courſe.
Warr made in earneſt, maketh Warr to ceaſe,
And vigorous Proſecution haſtens Peace.

Oct. Y'ave made me comprehend his Conduct; He's ſure,
As great a Politician, as a Souldier.

Ant. Loyalty's his Center, his Circumference Glory;
And t'after Ages, he'l ſhow great in Story.

Oct. And our good friend the Marquis *d'Olivera*,
In high eſteem?

An. The boaſt of our Army; he has exceeded
Hope; and made flattery impoſſible.

Oct. They ſay he did Wonders at the Siege of *Mons*.

An. You mean (as I ſuppoſe) at the purſuit
Oth' *German* Armie led by th' *Prince of Orange*:
Indeed his Courage, and his Conduct there
Were very ſignal.

Oct. You'l much oblige me, if whilſt you expect
Your Servant here, I might learn from your ſelf
Some few Particulars of your own Actions;
Fame ſpeaks loudly of them, but not diſtinctly.

An. Fame, like Water, bears up the lighter things,
And lets the weighty ſinck; I do not uſe
To ſpeak in the firſt Perſon; but, if you needs
Will have a Story to fill up the time,
I'll tell you an Adventure of mine own,
Where you'l find Love ſo intermixt with Arms,
That (I am confident) 'twill raiſe your wonder,
How being prepoſſeſs'd with ſuch a Paſſion,
I ſhould (upon Prudential motives onely)
Be ingag'd (as now you find me) to Marry
A Lady whom I never ſaw.

Oct. The Perſon, and the Subject, Sir, both challenge
My beſt attention,

An. The following Evening to that glorious Day { *After a little pauſe.*
Wherein the *Duke of Alva* gain'd ſuch Fame,
Againſt the Cautelous *Naſſaw*; ſome Horſe
Were ſent from th' Army, under my command
To cover the *Limbourg* Frontiers, much expos'd
To th' Enemies Inroads; my Troops ſcarce lodg'd,
I receiv'd Intelligence, that a Party
Of th' Enemy (about two hundred Horſe)
Were newly come to a Village three Leagues off,
Intending there to lodge; Immediately
We ſound to Horſe, and March to their Surprize
So luckily, that by the break of day
Their Quarters were on fire.

Oct. You had been taught, Sir, by your wiſe *General*,
That Diligence in Execution, is
(Even above Fortune) Miſtriſs of Succeſs.

An. They made but faint Reſiſtance; ſome were ſlain,
Some periſh'd in the Fire, others Eſcap'd,
Giving th' Allarm, in Quarters more remote,
To their Companions, drown'd in Sleep, and Wine;
Who, at the Out-cry, and the noiſe of Trumpets
Methinks I fancy ſtarting from their Beds,
As pale, and wan, as from their Dormitories
Thoſe the laſt Trump ſhall rouze, diff'ring in this,
That thoſe awake to live, but theſe to die.

Oct. O how unſafe it is to be ſecure!

An. Finding no more Reſiſtance, I made haſt
To a lofty Structure, which, as I conceiv'd,
Was the likelieſt Quarter for their Officer,
Led thither by Deſire to reſcue both,
Him, from the Soldiers rage; That, from the Fire.

Oct. A care moſt worthy of a Gallant Leader.

An. But think, *Octavio*, how I was ſurpriz'd,
When, entring a *Pavillion* i' the Garden,
I found a Woman of a matchleſs Form,
Stretch'd all along upon the Marble Floore.

I eaſily can divine how ſuch a heart,
As harbours in the brave *Antonio's* breaſt,
May ſuffer at ſo ſad a Spectacle.

An. At the firſt ſight I did believe her dead;
Yet, in that State, ſo Awfull ſhe appear'd,
That I approach'd her, with as much Reſpect,
As if the Soul had animated ſtill
That Body, which, though dead, ſcarce mortal ſeem'd.
But as the Sun from our *Horizon* gon,
His Beams do leave a Tincture on the Skies,
Which ſhews it was not long ſince he withdrew;
So, in her lovely Face, there ſtill appear'd
Some ſcatter'd ſtreaks of thoſe Vermillion Beams,
Which us'd t'irradiate that bright Firmament.
Thus did I find that Diſtreſs'd Miracle,
Able to wound a Heart, as if Alive,
Uncapable to Cure it, as if Dead.

Oct. I no more doubt your Pitty, than your Wonder.

An. My Admiration did ſuſpend my Aid,
Till Paſſion joyn'd to Pitty, made me bold;
I kneel'd, and took her in my Arms, then bow'd
Her Body gently forward; at which inſtant,
A ſigh ſtole from her; O th'raviſhing ſound!
Which being a *Symptom* of remaining life,
Made me forget, that 'twas a ſign of Grief.
At length ſhe faintly opens her bright Eyes;
So breaks the day; and ſo do all the Creatures
Rejoyce, as I did, at the new-born Light:
But as the *Indians* who adore the Sun,
Are ſcorch'd by's Beams, ere half his Race be Run;
So I, who did adore her riſing Eyes,
Found my ſelf wounded by thoſe Deities.

Oct. I am bigg with Expectation, pray
Deliver me.

An. From her fair hand a bloody Poniard fell,
Which ſhe held faſt during her Trance, as if
Sh'had onely needed Arms, whil'ſt ſhe did Sleep,
And truſted to her Eyes, when ſhe did Wake.

What

What I ſaid to her, being a production
Of meer *Extaſie*, I remember not;
She made me no Reply, yet I diſcern'd
In a Serener Air of her pale Face,
Some Lines of Satisfaction, mix'd with Fear.
Oct. Such looks in ſilence have an Eloquence.
But pray go on.
An. Rais'd from the Ground, and to her ſelf Return'd,
I ſtept a fitting diſtance back; as well
To gaze upon that lovely Apparition,
As to expreſs Reſpect; when at that inſtant
The Trumpets ſound a Charge; my Soldiers cry,
Where is our Leader? Wher's *Antonio?*
My Love a while diſputed with my Honor,
But that being the longer ſetled Power
O'rcame; I joyn'd my Troops, left in Reſerve,
As they were ready to receive a Charge
From divers Squadrons of freſh Horſe, who being
Quarter'd in Neighb'ring Villages, had taken
Hotly th'Alarm, and came (though then too late)
In ſuccour of their Friends; Honor and Love
Had ſo inflam'd my Heart, that I advanc'd
Beyond the Rules of Conduct, and receiv'd
So many Wounds, that I with faintneſs fell.
Oct. How can this ſtory end?
An. My Soldiers beat th'Enemy, and brought me off,
Where Surgeons quickly cur'd my outward wounds,
But the remembrance of that *Heroine*,
My Inward Hurts kept bleeding ſtill afreſh;
Till by the buſineſs of the War conſtrain'd
T'attend my Charge i'th' Army; my deſpair
Of ever ſeeing her again conſpiring
With the ſtrong perſwaſions of *d'Olivera*.
I was at length, even forc'd to an Engagement
Of Marriage, with a Lady of this City,
Rich, Noble, and, as they ſay, Beautifull.
And ſo you have me here come to Conſummate
Thoſe Nuptial Rites, to which my Intereſt,

And

And th'Importunity of trusty Friends
O're-rule my Judgment, though against my Heart.
Oct. A wonderfull Adventure! but pray, Sir,
May I not take the liberty to ask you,
VVho may this noble Lady be, to whom
The Fates have destin'd so much happiness?
An. I have no Reserves for you, *Octavio*,
'Tis the Sister of———

Enter Ernesto, *and* Octavio *retires hastily, and covers his face with his Cloake.*

Antonio *nodding to* Octavio.
It is my Servant, Sir.
Oct. Step to *Antonio*, *Diego*, and desire him
To send him off.
An. I will immediately; VVel, *Ernesto*? Diego *goes to* Antonio,
VVhat good news? speak freely. *and whispers.*
Ern. Sir, as you charg'd me, I told your Brother-in-Law,
I thought you hardly could be there this Night;
He kisses your hands, and bad me tell you,
That he expects your coming with Impatience;
This Letter's *from Don Henrick*, th'other's from
Your beaut'ous Bride, the most accomplish'd Person
I ever saw, my being of your train
Gave me the Priviledge of a Domestick
To see her in her Chamber-dress, without
A Veil, either to cover Faults, or hide
Perfections.
An. Tell me truly, Is she so very handsome?
Ern. Handsomer far in my opinion, Sir
Than all those *Bruxels* Beauties, which you call
The Finish'd Pieces; but I'le say no more;
Let your own Eyes inform you; here's a Key
Of the Apartment, that's made ready for you;
A Lower Quarter, very nobly furnish'd,
That opens on Saint *Vincent*'s Street.
An. Give it me; and go you to the Post-house,

And I

And take care that my things be brought from thence,
Octavio, Will you go along with me, [*Exit* Ernesto.
And be a witness of my first Address?
Oct. Sir, You choose in me an ill Companion
Of Lovers Interviews, or Nuptial Joyes.
One, whose Misfortunes to such sad Extreames
Are heightned, that the very mentioning
Of Happy houres, serves onely to Imbitter
The Memory of my lost Joys.
An. So very deep a sense of your Misfortunes,
Holds no Proportion with *Octavio*'s minde.

Enter Flora *in hast.*

Flo. Where's your Master, *Diego?*
Die. There's some Ill towards, when this Bird appears, [*Aside.*
Do you not see him? y'have liv'd too long a Maid.
Flo. Sir, I have something to say t'you in private,
That requires hast.
Oct. What new Accident brings you hither, *Flora?*
Flo. These Tablets will inform you, Sir, [Flora *retires.*
Die. Will you not stay for an Answer, Damsel?
Flo. 'Tis a Command, not a Question, *Diego.*
Die. Short, and sweet, *Flora.*
Oct. Good *Flora* stay a minute; I much fear
It is some new misfortune.
Die. Nay, Sir, you may be sure 'tis some Disaster,
Else it would ne'r have come so easily,
And so unsought for.
Oct. Will you allow me for a moment, Sir,
To step into my House, and read a Letter. [*Bowing to* Antonio.
An. I'le wait upon you in, and stay your leisure.
[*Exeunt all but* Diego.
Die. These little black Books do more Devils raise,
Than all the Figures of the Conjurers.
This is some Missive from the *Heroine.*
If it ends not in Fighting I'l be hang'd;
It is the Method of their dear *Romances,*
And Persons of their Ranck make love by Book.

Curse

Curſe on th'Inventor of that damn'd deviſe
Of Painting words, and ſpeaking to our Eyes!
Had I a hundred Daughters, by this Light,
Not one of 'em ſhould ever Read or Write.

Enter Flora, *and ſeems to go away in haſte.*

Here ſhe comes again. 'Twas a quick diſpatch.
A Word, *Flora*, or a kind glance at leaſt,
What? grown cruel? *Diego*, no body w'you?
Flo. This is no time for fooling, friend.
Die. Nay, if you be ſo ſerious, fare you well;
But now I think on't better, I'l do th' Honors
Of our Street, and bring you to the end on't.
Flo. I ſhall be well holp up with ſuch a Squire;
If ſome wandring Knight ſhould chance t'aſſault you,
To bear away your Damſel, What would you do?
Die. I'd uſe no other weapon but a Torch;
I'd put aſide your Veil, ſhow him your Face,
That, I ſuppoſe, would guard us both.
Flo. Why, D'you think 'twould fright him, *Diego?*
Die. Oh no, 'twould charm him, *Flora.*
Flo. Well, ſuch as 'tis, I'l venture it without
Engaging your known Valour, Good night.

[*Exit Flora.*

Enter Octavio *and* Antonio.

Oct. What may this be? I ſwear I cannot gueſs;
The Warnings ſhort, but ſhe muſt be obey'd;
The Hour draws near; I muſt go ſeek a friend,
Her words ſeem to imply need of a ſecond;
'Twere barbarous to engage *Antonio*,
Newly arriv'd, and come on ſuch an Errand. [*Aſide.*
Noble *Antonio*, my confuſion's great, } *Addreſſing to*
To tell you thus abruptly, I muſt leave you; } Antonio.
Th'occaſions indiſpenſable.
An. I muſt not quit you, Sir, I know too well

The Laws of Honor, to deſert you now:
When I perceive my friend in ſuch diſorder,
And all the marks that he is call'd to danger,
To leave him then—

Oct. It is a Summons from a Lady, Sir,
Whom I have lov'd with Paſſion, and Succeſs;
To meet her in her Garden preſently:
All is propitious on her part, and mine;
But ſhe's ſo Guarded by a Tyrant Brother,
So naturally Jealous, and ſo Incens'd
By a late Accident which I ſhall tell you,
That to aſſure you, there would be no danger
In this Adventure, were, Sir, to abuſe you;
But for that very reaſon I am bound
Not to conſent you ſhould imbark your ſelf,
In a buſineſs ſo directly oppoſite
To the occaſion, which has brought you hither.

Ant. I like the *Omen* at my firſt arrival;
To have th' honour to ſerve ſo brave a Friend.

Oct. You from a life of Perills, hither come
To find a Nuptial Bed, not ſeek a Tomb.

An. My friend engag'd, it never muſt be ſaid
Antonio left him ſo, to go to bed.

Oct. Y'are marri'd, and expoſe what's not your own.

Ant. Wedded to Honor, that muſt yield to none.

Oct. Honor makes me refuſe your Aide; We muſt
As well to friends, as to our ſelves be juſt.

Ant. He ought not to pretend to Friendſhips name,
Who reckons not Himſelf, and Friend the ſame.

Oct. Friendſhip with Juſtice muſt not diſagree,
That were to break the Vertues harmonie;

An. Friendſhip is Juſtice, for, when-ere we give,
We then receive; ſo 'tis Commutative.

Oct. So great's your Friendſhip; you your Friend oppreſs;
To make it Juſter, you muſt make it Leſs.

An. Friendſhip can never err in the extent,
Like *Nile*, when't overflowes, 'tis moſt beneficent.

Oct. I find, *Antonio*, you will ſtill ſubdue.

An. I owe my Triumph to my Cauſe, not you.
Come, we loſe time, your Miſtriſs muſt not ſtay.
Oct. Who's ſo accompanied, needs not fear his Way. [*Exeunt*

The Third *ACT.*

The SCENE
Don *HENRIQUES HOUSE.*

Camilla, Porcia, Flora appear in a *Balcone.*

Por. COme, Cozin, the Houre aſſign'd approaches.
Cam. Nay, more than ſo, for 'tis already Night.
Flo. And thanks to your Stars ſufficiently dark.
Por. To the Clouds you would ſay, *Flora*, for Stars,
In this occaſion, would not much befriend us.
Pray, Cozin, when *Octavio* ſhall arrive,
Do you and *Flora* watch above with care;
For if my cruel Brother ſhould ſurprize us----
Cam. Let us alone to play the Sentinels.
Flo. I'm confident he's abroad, and will not
Suddenly return; for I heard him ſay,
He'd paſs th' Evening at the *Corigidors*;
And thence, you know, he ſeldom comes home early.

Enter Antonio, Octavio, *and* Diego, *with their Cloaks o'r their Faces, and their Swords undrawn in their hands.*

An. Is it not ſomething early for Adventures
Of this Nature?
Oct. 'Tis the Houre ſhe appointed.
An. How dark 'tis grown o'th' ſudden, ther's not one
Star appears in all the Firmament.

Die. So much the better; for when I muſt fight,
I covet no Spectators of my Proweſſe. [*Aſide.*
Oct. Stay you here, *Antonio*, I'll ſtep before,
And give the Sign, when you hear the door open,
Then come on, and follow me in.

Enter at the other ſide of the Stage Henrique *and* Carlos.

Hen. The *Corrigidor*'s is a ſweet place.
Car. The Walks and Fountains ſo intice me, I ſtill
Weary my ſelf, before I can retire.
Hen. Indeed, we have ſtaid longer than we thought,
And therefore let's go home the ſhorter way;
The Back-door of my Garden's here at hand.
Car. It will be better than to go about.
Porc. Would he were come, I fear the Riſing Moon
Will give us little time. [*Above in the Balcone.*

[Octavio *knocks upon the Hilt of his Sword.*]

I think I hear his uſual knock; Who's there?
Oct. 'Tis I.
Porc. I hope y'are not alone.
Oct. No; here's *Diego* with me, and a Friend.
Porc. 'Tis well; I'll open the door preſently.
Hen. Come; we are now hard by the Garden Gate.
Oct. Let's to the door; ſure ſhe's there by this time;
Be not afraid *Diego.*
Dieg. You had as good command me not to breathe.
Oct. Come on; what are you thinking on?
Dieg. That I ſee Company, or that my Fear does.
Oct. Y'are i' the right; let's to avoid ſuſpicion, [*The noiſe of a Lock.*
Walk on at large, till they are out of diſtance.
Car. I think I heard your Garden door open.
Hen. I think ſo too; Ha! at this time o'th' night?
Why what a Devil can this mean? 'Tis ſo.
An. They have pen'd the door; 'tis time for me
To follow, ſurely *Octavio* is gone in.

[Antonio

[Antonio *goes towards the door.*

Porc. What ſtay you for? [*Holding the door*

Henr. What's that I hear? ſure 'tis *Porcia*'s Voice. *half open.*

Porc. What mean you to ſtand there? Come in I ſay.

Henr. Hell and Furies! [*He goes to draw his Sword.*

Car. Be patient, Sir, and you will make a clearer
Diſcovery of your Affront.

Porc. You may come in ſecurely, *Octavio.* [*Setting open*
I have ſet thoſe will watch my Brothers coming. *the door.*

An. Madam, I am not *Octavio.*

Porc. Not *Octavio?* who are you then? and who's
That ſhadow there?

Henr. I can hold no longer; I'm thy Deſtiny, [*Draws his*
Vile Woman; and his Mortal Enemy. *Sword.*

An. Ha! my Mortal Enemy?

Henr. Yes, Villain; who e'r thou art, thou ſhalt pay
This Treachery with thy Life.

An. Vain Man; who e'r thou art, know, the life thou
Threaten'ſt, is guarded by a truſty ſword.

[Carlos *draws, and they all enter the Garden fighting.*

Hen. Make faſt the door. [*To* Carlos.
Thou art ſome deſperate Villain hir'd to murder.

[Octavio *and* Diego *come to the door.*

An. Hir'd by Friendſhip, and Honour's my Salary. [*In the Garden.*

Oct. That's *Antonio*'s voice within the Garden; [*Runs to the*
What! the Door ſhut! my Friend engag'd, and I *door and finds*
Excluded! Curſed Fate! this Tree may help me *it ſhut.*
To climb o'r; if not, I'll flie t'him. [*He climbs up.*

Die. You may do ſo; your ſprightly Love has Wings,
And's ever Fledge; 'tis molting time with mine;
Yet I'll up too; the hazard's not in climbing, [Diego *climbs*
Here I will ſit, and out of danger's reach *the Tree.*
Expect the Iſſue.

The

The SCENE *changes to a Garden, out of which they iſſue fighting.*

Oct. Courage, brave Friend; you have *Octavio* by you.
An. So ſeconded, a Coward would grow firm.
Hen. What! is there more of your Crew? then 'tis time
To call for help; Ho! *Sylvio*, *Geraldo*,
Pedro, come forth, and bring out Torches with you.

Enter Sylvio *with his Sword drawn.*

Sylv. Here am I, Sir, my Camerades will follow [*They fight.*
As ſoon as they have lighted their Torches.
An. How I deſpiſe theſe Slaves *Octavio*,
Having you by me!
Die. Their Swords do clatter bravely in the dark. [*In the Tree.*
Sylv. I'm ſlain. [Sylvio *falls.*

[Henrique *ſtepping back falls over* Sylvio, *and loſes his Sword, and* Carlos *runs in to him.*

Car. What! are you hurt?
Henr. No; I fell by chance: Help me to find my Sword.
Oct. What? D'you give back? You do well to take breath,
Whil'ſt you have any left; 'twill not be long, [*The Riſing Moon appears in the Scene.*
Now that the Riſing Moon lends us ſome light.
[Porcia *runs out to* Octavio.
Porc. O *Octavia!* let not this moment ſlip
To free me from my cruel Brother's Fury,
Or never hope to ſee me any more,
Amongſt the living. [Octavio *leads her away by the Arm.*
Oct. Ah! Noble Maid, he that is once poſſeſs'd
Of ſuch a Treaſure, and defends it not;
Let him live wretched, and deteſted die;
Where's my brave Friend?
An. You have me by your ſide, lead off your Miſtriſs,
I'll ſecure your Retreat.

Die.

Die. That doubtleſs is my Maſter, who victorious, [*In the Tree, pointing to thoſe who are going off.*
Is bravely marching off with his fair Prize;
I'll down and follow.

Carl. But whil'ſt I was engag'd to ſuccour you,
Our Enemies, I fear, are got away; [*Having help'd up* Henrique.
I heard the door open, and ſee none here;
Although the Night's much brighter grown than 'twas;
I'll follow, and trace the Villains if I can
To their Dens; mean while take care of your Siſter;
And (pray) till my return be moderate.

Henr. How! Moderation, in this caſe! what ho!
Geraldo, Pedro, ah ye curſed Rogues!

Enter Servants with Torches.

Durſt yee not ſhew your heads till they were gone?
Geraldo light me in, whil'ſt *Pedro* looks
To his hurt Companion; ah *Porcia! Porcia!*
[*Exeunt* Henrique *and* Geraldo; Pedro *carries out* Sylvio *fainting with his hurts.*

The SCENE *changes to the City of* SEVIL.

Enter Octavio, Porcia, Antonio, *and a little after* Diego, *and after them* Carlos.

Die. Sure, that's *Antonio* bringing up the Rear;
Sir, th'are but juſt before; my Maſter bears her [*Looking back to* Carlos.
Moſt gallantly away; loſe not ſight of me.

Car. This Rogue takes me for one of his own Crew;
He will, by his miſtake, help me to harbour 'em. [*Exeunt.*
[Camilla *and* Flora *appear in the Balcone.*]

The SCENE *changes to Don* Henrique's Houſe.

Cam. Was there ever ſuch a Diſaſter, *Flora?*
Sure, th'are all dead, ſo great's the ſilence:

Porcia

Porcia, Porcia, no body answers.

Flor. Madam, let us go down into the Garden.

Cam. Excuse me; that were to involve my self
In this unlucky scandal; 'tis possible
Affrighted with the scuffle, she's return'd
Into her Quarter by the other door;
Let's away thither. [*They go down upon the Stage.*

Flor. Oh! Madam, I see a light, and Don *Henrique*
Coming this way with his Sword drawn, what shall
We do?

Cam. Peace; let us hide our selves behind the door, [*They go*
Till we discover his intentions. *behind the door.*

Enter Henrique *and* Geraldo with a *Torch, and* Pedro *with a Light*; Henrique *and* Geraldo *their Swords drawn.*

Pedr. Sir, I have search'd all the Rooms of the House,
And cannot find her.

Hen. Base Infamous Woman; may be she's fled
To the Quarter order'd for *Antonio.*

Pedr. That door is lock'd, and 's Servant has the Key.

Hen. Ah this curs'ed Vagabond! thus to rob [*He stamps.*
A Brother of the Fruits of all his Care,
And cast this stain on th' Honour of our House,
But if I ever get the Fugitive
Within my reach, I'll sacrifice her Blood,
To the offended Spirits of my Ancestors.

Flor. Madam, d'you hear?

Cam. Yes, and tremble, *Flora.*

Hen. Call for her Woman.

Pedr. Flora, Flora.

Enter Flora.

Flor. My good Angel guard me; What's your pleasure Sir?

Hen. Where's your Mistris, Hussy?

Flor. She told me, Sir, about half an hour since,
She would go down into the Garden. [*Exit* Flora.

Hen.

Hen. My ſhame is certain; ah! the ſad condition
Of us Men of Honour! How unequally
Our Croſſes, and our Comforts mingled are!
Our Orphan Siſters are no ſooner grown
Above the Follies of their Childiſh Age;
During which ſeaſon, Cuſtom does exact
Our Watchful Caution over all their Actions;
But they are Grafted on ſome ſtranger Stock,
Where they do Change both their Aboads and Names;
Without the leaſt Reflection on their kindneſs,
Who pain'd themſelves to cultivate their Youth,
Or elſe remain to exerciſe our fears.
O unjuſt Heavens! why ſuffer you that they,
Who to our Joys of Life ſuch Bubbles are,
Should add ſuch Weight unto our Griefs, and Care?
Ah *Porcia*, *Porcia!*

Enter Carlos.

Car. Don *Henrique*, if I am not much miſtaken,
I have in this ſhort time made a great Progreſs
Towards your Redreſs; I come from harboring
The Villains, who have done you this Affront.
Cam. It imports to be attentive now.
Hen. Oh you revive me, may I but once enjoy
The Pleaſure of my Revenge, though the next
Moment were the laſt Period of my Life,
I ſhould depart contented; are the Villains
Within our reach?
Car. Be patient, Sir, and I'll inform you fully;
You were no ſooner up, but I purſu'd
Your flying Enemies, hoping the night
Grown ſomewhat lighter, might help me to diſcover
The place of their Retreat; one of their Party,
Who was behind the reſt, miſtaking me
For one of his Camerades, bad me come on;
Saying his Maſter was but juſt before;
That he had born his Miſtreſs bravely off,

And put her Champion Brother out of Combat.

Hen. Insolent Rascal! [*He stamps.*

Carl. We had not past above a Street, or two,
Before he stopt, and at the second House,
Beyond the Church, in St. *Jago's* Street,
He enter'd, and desir'd me to follow him;
I, making a Stand, he grew suspicious,
And from my silence guessing his mistake,
He slipt into the House, and lock'd the door;
When I had well observ'd the Street and House,
I came with speed, to give you this Account.

Flor. Oh, Madam, this is Don *Octavio's* House;
Without all doubt, they've carry'd *Porcia* thither.

Cam. Peace, *Flora*, and listen to the sequel.

Hen. Come, Cosin; we lose time; Heigh, who waits there?
I will besiege the House; if they refuse
To render; I'll reduce that Theater
Of my shame to Ashes; and make their Fort
Both Theirs, and its own Sepulchre; There are
Such Charms in Vengeance, that I do not wonder,
It is reserv'd for him, who form'd the Thunder.

Car. Have patience, Cosin, and consult your Reason;
'Twill soon Convince you how unpracticable
And vain your Proposition is, t'attempt,
At this time of the night, a House so guarded,
In a well-govern'd City; that would prove
Very like Thunder, which the Clowd destroys
Wherein 'twas form'd, producing onely noise.
What can the Issue be, but to alarm
The Town; expose your Person and your Fortune
To th' Rigor of the Law; publish your shame,
And frustrate your Revenge for ever?

Hen. What! would you have me tarry till these Villains,
Who have invaded my House, affronted [*Spoken hastily.*
My Person, murder'd my Servant, and robb'd
Me of a Sister, may evade my Vengeance?

Car. No; fear not that, let me alone to find
A certain way to hinder their Escape;

I'll instantly to the *Corrigidor*,
And beg th'assistance of his Authority,
To secure these Criminals for the present;
That afterwards the Law may punish them.

Hen. A fine Proposall, why, Cosin, can you think
That I'll submit a Personal Injury
To th'tame Decision of the Formal Law?
And having been Affronted by the Sword,
To pray the Aid of the Long Robe, and take
An Advocat for Second? relieve'd by Law?

Car. Since we all Parties are in making Laws,
We must not Judges be in our own Cause.
We hold it infamous to break our VVords,
Yet cancel the Great Charter with our Swords.

Hen. They by their insolence the Laws invade.

Car. But you, by your Revenge, the Laws Degrade.

Hen. Honour obliges me to take Revenge.

Car. Honour is Justice, rightly understood;
Your Idol Honour's onely heat of Blood.

Hen. Honour's Opinion, which rules all the VVorld.

Car. Opinion, *Hermique*, onely governs fools;
Reason the Wise, and truly Valiant rules.

Hen. Reason's Opinion, for every one,
Stamps Reason on his own Opinion.

Car. Then by your argument, when People joyn
In making Laws, because they all opine,
Laws are Reasonable, and binds us all.

Hen. Curse on your Sophistry, to treat a Friend
With Figures, that's raging in a Feavor?
You may as well pretend to teach a Man
To sing his part, that's stretch'd upon a Rack.
No, Sir, I'll sooner lose this irksom Life,
Than e'r consent to Publish my Disgrace,
Before I have Reveng'd it; To assist,
At the Funeral of my own Honour? ——— [*He Stamps.*

Car. What a Wild Creature is a Cholerick Man? [*Aside.*
'Tis far from my Intent; all my Design
Is onely how we may Conceal your Shame,

Till we have got these Villains in our power,
Which can be brought about by no such means,
As by demanding Justice against those,
Who did assault your Person, and have wounded
Your Servant, a very plausible pretence.
Will this content you? trust my Conduct, Cosin;
Is not my Interest the same with yours?

Hen. Well, since it must be so, I pray make haste.

Carl. Doubt not my Diligence; by this I'll prove
Friendship has Fire, and Wings as well as Love.

Hen. If you could flie, you'd move with too much leisure;
Ah! tedious Minutes which Revenge does measure!

[*Exit* Carlos.

Flor. Madam, y'have heard their mischievous Design.

Cam. Yes, *Flora*, out of question *Porcia*'s there;
And if they find her, she is lost for ever.

Flor. I'll try to hinder it, though I were certain
To perish in th' Attempt; I'm confident
The House at present is in such Confusion,
I may run thither without being miss'd.

Cam. 'Tis well thought on; in th' interim I'll retire
To *Porcia*'s Chamber.

[*Exeunt from behind the Door.*

Enter Geraldo.

Ger. Sir, Don *Antonio* is just now arriv'd.

Hen. Ha! what's that you say, Sirrah?

Ger. That Don *Antonio*, Sir, your Brother-in-law
Is without, walking i'th' Hall, and bad me
Give you notice of it, shall he come in?

Hen. *Antonio* arriv'd! O Heavens! this Circumstance
Was onely wanting to compleat my Shame.
When he desires to see his Wife, shall I,
My self, inform a Person of his Quality,
That she is run away? where shall I find
A Heart, a Tongue, a Voice, or Breath, or Face,
To utter this unparallel'd Disgrace?
O this fantastick sense of Honour! I

spoken hastily.

At

At my own Tribunal ſtand aſſoil'd,
Yet fearing others Cenſure am embroil'd.
Geral. VVhat is your pleaſure, Sir; 'tis poſſible
That *Don Antonio* may think it long.
Henr. VVait on him in, but at the ſame time tell him,
You cannot find me; I will leave my Houſe,
And the Diſcovery of my ſhame to Fate;
And any Cenſure rather undergo,
Than be the Reporter of my own Diſgrace;
Till firſt I have my Honors Ranſom paid,
In the Vile Blood of this Perfidious Maid. [*Exit* Henrique.

Enter Antonio *and* Erneſto.

Anto. My Friend and his fair Miſtreſs ſafely Lodg'd,
And free from their Adventure; 'Tis now fit
To mind my own Engagement; But, *Erneſto*,
What can the meaning be of this Rude uſage?
In ſuffering me to ſtay without thus long,
Upon my firſt Arrival? Come, let's go on
Into the other Rooms.
Ern. I ſwear, Sir, I'm amaz'd at this great Change;
'Tis not above two hours, ſince I found here
A numerous, and well order'd Family,
In all appearance; now I ſee the Pages
Boult out of the Doors, then ſtart back again
Into their holes, like Rabbets in a Warren;
The Maids lie peeping at the Garret windows,
Like th'Upper Tyre of Ordnance in a Ship;
All looks diſorder'd now; nor can I gueſs
What may have caus'd ſo ſtrange an Alteration;
But there I ſee the Servant you ſent in.

Enter Geraldo.

Ant. Friend, Where's your Maſter?
Ger. I cannot tell, Sir.

Ant.

Ant. Where is his Siſter?

Ger. In truth I know not, Sir; we Men-ſervants
Have little to do in the Ladies Quarters. [*Exit* Geraldo.

Ant. This looks but odly; are you ſure *Erneſto*,
Y'have not miſguided me to a wrong Houſe?

Ern. If you are ſure, Sir, that we are awake,
Then I am certain this is the ſame Houſe,
Wherein this Afternoon, I ſaw, and ſpoke with
Don Henrique, and your Bride; by the ſame Token
There was a Lady with her in a Veil;
And this very Room is the Ante-Chamber
To her Apartment.

Ant. I ſhould be finely ſerv'd, if after all
This Negotiation, and a tedious Journey,
My Pains, and Patience ſhould be caſt away
On ſome ſuch wither'd *Sybil*, for a Wife,
As her own Brother is aſham'd to ſhow me.

Ern. You'l ſoon be freed from that fear, Sir. } Erneſto *goes towards the door.*

Ant. How ſo?

Ern. Becauſe I ſee her in the Inner-Room,
Lying along upon her Couch, and Reading;
Her Face is turn'd the other way, but yet
Her Shape, and Cloathes aſſure me 'tis the ſame.

Ant. Art certain that 'tis ſhe?

Ern. There are not many like her.

Ant. If thou be'ſt ſure tis ſhe, I'l venture in,
Without her Brother's Preſence t'introduce me.

Ern. She's coming this way, Sir.

Enter Camilla *Reading.*

Cam. Y'have reaſon, *Dido*, and 'tis well Remarqu'd, } *She ſhuts her Book, after a little pauſe.*
The Woman, who ſuffers her ſelf to love,
Ought likewiſe to prepare her ſelf to ſuffer;
There was great Power in your Charms, *Æneas*,
T'enthrall a Ladies heart at firſt approach,
And make ſuch early, and ſuch deep Impreſſions,

That

That nothing, but her Death, could ere deface.
Alas! poor *Dido?*

Ant. O Heavens! What's that I ſee; or do I Dream?
Sure I am aſleep; and 'tis a Viſion
Of her, who's alwayes preſent to my Thoughts;
Who fearing my Revolt, does now Appear
To Prove, and to confirm my Conſtancy.
When firſt I ſaw that Miracle, ſhe ſeem'd
An Apparition, here it muſt be one.
(Antonio *ſeeing her, ſtarts, then ſtands as if a-maz'd.*)

Ern. What fit of Frenzy's this? Sir, 'tis *Porcia*,
A Lovely Living Woman, and your Bride.

Ant. The Bleſſing is too mighty for my Faith.

Ern. Faith! Ne'r trouble your Faith, in this Occaſion,
Approach her boldly, Sir, and truſt your ſenſe.

Ant. As when we Dream of ſome Tranſporting Pleaſure,
And finding that we Dream, we fear to Wake,
Leaſt Senſe ſhould rob us of our Fancies Treaſure,
And our Delightful Viſion from us take;
Bleſs'd Apparition, ſo it fares with me.
That very Angel, now, once more appears,
To whoſe Divinity, long ſince, I rais'd
An Altar in my heart; where I have offer'd
The conſtant Sacrifice of Sighs, and Vows.
My eyes are open! yet I dare not truſt 'em;
Bliſs above Faith muſt paſs for an Illuſion;
If ſuch it be, O let me ſleep for ever
Happily deceiv'd; but Celeſtial Maid,
If this thy glorious Preſence Real be,
O let one word of Pitty raiſe my Soul
From Viſionary bliſs, and make me die
With real Joy in ſtead of Extaſie.
Speak, ſpeak, my Deſtiny, for the ſame breath
May warm my Heart, or coole it into Death.

Ern. 'Slife! he's in one of his old Fits again;
VVhy what d'you mean, Sir? 'tis *Porcia* her ſelf.

Cam. I am that Maid, who to your Virtue owes
Her Honor then, and her Diſquiet ſince;
Yet in my Pain, I cannot but be pleas'd

To

To find a Paſſion, cenſur'd in our Sexe,
Juſtify'd, by ſo great an Obligation.
'Tis true, I bluſh, yet I muſt own the Fire,
To which both Love, and Gratitude conſpire.
Ant. Incomparable Creature! can it be?
That having ſuffer'd all, which mighty Love,
Did e'r inflict, I now ſhould be Repaid
VVith as full Joyes, as Love could ever give;
Fortune, to make my Happineſs compleate,
Has joyn'd her Power, and made me find a Bride
In a Loſt Miſtreſs, but with this Allay,
Of leaving me no means my Faith to prove,
Since Chance anticipates the Pains of Love.
Cam. The Servants Error has miſled the Maſter,
He takes me too for *Porcia*, bleſs'd Miſtake;
Aſſiſt me now Artful Diſſimulation; [*Aſide.*
But how can that conſiſt with ſo much Paſſion?
'Tis poſſible, the ſenſe of my diſtreſs'd
Condition, might diſpoſe a noble heart
To take Impreſſions then, which afterwards
Time, and your Second Thoughts may have defac'd;
But can a Conſtant Paſſion be produc'd
From thoſe Ideas, Pitty introduc'd?
Let your Tongue ſpeak your Heart, for ſhould y'abuſe me,
I ſhall in time diſcover the Deceit;
You may Paint Fire, Antonio, but not Heat.
Ant. Madam———
Cam. Hold; be not too ſcrupulous, *Antonio*;
Let me Believe it, though it be not True;
For the chief Happineſs poor Maids receive,
Is, when themſelves they happily deceive.
Ant. If, ſince thoſe Conquering Eyes I firſt beheld,
You have not reign'd Unrival'd in my Heart;
May you Deſpiſe me, now, you are my own,
VVhich is to me, all Curſes ſumm'd in one.
But, may your Servant, Madam, take the boldneſs
To aſk, if you have ever Thought of him?

Cam. A Love, ſo founded in a grateful Heart,
Has need of no Remembrancer, *Antonio*;
You know your ſelf too well; thoſe of your Trade
Have skill to Hold, as well as to Invade.

Ant. Fortune has lifted me to ſuch a Height
Of Happineſs, that it may Turn my Brain,
When I look down upon the lower world.
What have I now to wiſh but Moderation
To Temper, and to fix my Joys?

Cam. I yield as little t'you, noble *Antonio*,
In Happineſs, as Affection, but ſtill
Porcia muſt do, as may become your Bride,
And Siſter to *Don Henrique*; in whoſe abſence
A longer Conference muſt be excus'd.
Therefore I take the freedom to withdraw.
Should I have ſtaid untill *Don Henrique* came,
His preſence would have marr'd my whole deſign. [*Aſide.*

Ant. Where Beauty, Vertue, and Diſcretion joyn, [*Exit* Camilla.
'Tis Heaven, methinks, to find that Treaſure mine.

Enter Henrique.

Henr. Sure, *Don Antonio*; Having long ere this
Found out th'infamous flight of my vile Siſter,
Will be retir'd to meditate Revenge
Upon us both: ah Curſe! he is there ſtill; [*He ſees him.*
I'le ſlip away---But it is now too late,
He has perceiv'd me.

Ant. How, *Don Henrique!* Avoid your Friend? that's come
So long a Journey t'embrace you, and caſt
Himſelf at the feet of your fair Siſter?

Henr. *Noble Antonio*, you may well Imagine
The trouble I am in, that you ſhould find
My Houſe in ſuch Diſorder, ſo unfit
To receive th' Honor of ſo brave a Gueſt.

Ant. 'Tis true, *Don Henrique*, I am much ſurpriz'd
With what I find; I little did expect
Your Siſter *Porcia* ſhould have been——

Henr. Oh Heavens! I'm loſt, he has diſcover'd all. [*Aſide.*
'Tis not, *Antonio*, in a Brothers power
To make a Siſter of a better Paſte,
Than Heav'n has made her.

Ant. In your caſe ſpecially; for, without doubt,
Heaven never made a more Accompliſh'd Creature.

Henr. What means the Man? [*Aſide.*

Ant. I come juſt now from Entertaining her:
Whoſe wit, and beauty ſo excell all thoſe
Of her fair Sex, whom I have ever known,
That my Deſcription of her would appear
Rather Detraction, than a juſt Report
Of her Perfections.

Henr. Certainly he mocks me; he never could
Have choſen a worſe Sufferer of Scorn; [*Aſide.*
But I will yet contain my ſelf a while,
To ſee how far he'l drive it; ſay you, Sir,
That you have Seen, and Entertain'd my Siſter?

Ant. Yes, *Don Henrique*; and with ſuch full Contentment,
So rais'd above Expreſſion, that I think
The Pains, and Cares of all my former Life
Rewarded with Exceſs, in the Delight
Of thoſe few Minutes of her Converſation;
'Tis true, that ſatisfaction was abridg'd
By her well-weigh'd Severity; to give me
A greater Pleaſure, in the Contemplation
Of her diſcreet Obſervance of the Rules
Of Decency; not ſuffering me, though now
Her Husband, any longer to enjoy
So great a Happineſs, you not being by.

Henr. I am confounded; but I muſt diſſemble [*Aſide.*
My Aſtoniſhment, till I can unfold
The Myſtery; She might have ſpar'd that Caution,
But I ſuppoſe you'l eaſily forgive
An Error, on the Better-ſide.

Ant.

Ant. Sir, I have ſeen ſo much of her Perfection
In that ſhort Viſit, I ſhall ſooner doubt
Our Definitions in Morality,
Than once ſuppoſe her capable of Error.

Henr. This Expoſition makes it more Obſcure: [*Aſide.*
I muſt get him away, Sir; Is't not time
To wait on you to your Chamber? It's late,
And I believe that you have need of reſt.

Ant. I ſhould accept your offer, Sir, with thanks,
If I were not oblig'd, as late as 'tis
To ſee a Friend before I go to Bed.

Henr. I'le bear you company, if you'l give me leave.

Ant. I humbly thank you, Sir, but can't conſent
To give you ſo much trouble; I'le return
Within an hour at fartheſt.

Henr. When e'r you pleaſe; y'are wholly Maſter here.

Ant. I never ſaw a Man ſo Diſcompos'd,
What e'r the matter is, [*Aſide.*
Erneſto, I muſt make a ſtep to ſee
A Friend near hand; bid *Sancho* follow me;
And ſtay you in my Chamber till *I* come.

[*Exeunt* Antonio, *Erneſto.*

Henr. Your ſervant, Sir; This ſudden Salley hence, Henrique *waits on him to the Door.*
At this time of the night, newly arriv'd
From a Long Journey, and not to ſuffer me
To waite upon him; does imbroile me more.
But now I will not long be in ſuſpence;
I'le to my Siſter's Chamber.

Enter Carlos *as* Henrique *is going into* Porcia's *Chamber.*

Car. Ho! *Don Henrique*, come away, all's Prepar'd,
Our Kinſman the *Corrigidor* is ready
With a ſtrong Band of *Serjeants*; and ſtayes for you.

Henr. Speak ſoftly; *Don Antonio* is arriv'd.
And ſome of his may over-hear us.

Car. That's very unlucky, but does he know
Your Sister's Missing?
Henr. I think not yet.
Car. Come, let's away; we have no time to lose.
Henr. Pray stay a while; I labour with a doubt
Will burst me, if not clear'd before I go.
Car. What Cozin! Will you lose an opportunity
Never to be recover'd? Are you Mad?
Will you permit the Villains to escape,
And laugh at us for ever? Come away. [*He pulls him.*
Henr. Well, I must go; and let time make it out;
The worst Estate of Human Life is Doubt.
[*Exeunt.*

The Fourth *ACT.*

The SCENE.

Don *OCTAVIO'S HOUSE.*

Enter Octavio *angerly pushing* Diego, *and* Porcia *following.*

Oct. VIllain, thou hast undone us; curst Villain;
Where was thy Soul? Had fear quite banish'd it,
And left thee not one grain of Common sense?
Por. Was there ever so fatal an Accident?
Oct. Why Traytor, Did'st thou not let me know it,
As soon as we were come into the House?
Die. What would y'have done if you had known it then?
Oct. I would have Sally'd out, and kill'd the Rogue,
In whose Power thou hast put it to destroy us;
Can it be doubted, but that long ere this
He has acquainted *Henrique* where we are?

From whose black Rage we must immediately
Expect [illegible] all the worst extreames
Of malice, seconded by [illegible] Justice;
For the Unfortunate are still i'th' wrong.
Curse on all Cowards! better [illegible] serv'd
By Fools, and Knaves: they make less dang rous [illegible]

Die. Am I in fault, because I'm not a Cat?
How could I tell i'th' dark whether that Rascal
Were a Knight Errant, or a Recreant Knight?
I thought him one of us, and true to Love;
Were it not for such Accidents as these
That mock Man's Fore-cast, sure the Destinies
Had ne'r been plac'd amongst the Deities.

Oct. Peace, cowardly Slave; having thus plaid the Rogue,
Are you grown Sententious? Did I not Fear
To stain my Sword with such Base Blood, I'd let
Thy Soul out with it at a thousand Wounds.

Die. Why then a thousand Thanks to my Base Blood
For saving my Good Flesh. [*Aside.*

Oct. Pardon, my dearest Mistris, this Excess
Of Passion in your Presence.

Porc. What shall we do *Octavio?* if we stay here,
We are undone for ever: my Brother
Will be instantly upon us. Alas!
My own Life I value not *Octavio*,
When yours, my Better life, such hazard runs;
But O my Honor! O my Innocence!
Expos'd to Scandal! there's my deepest sence.

Oct. Though the Complexion of your Brother's Malice
Resemble Hell, it is not Black enough
To cast a stain upon your Virgin Innocence.
Sure two such different branches ne'r did spring
From the same stock; To me it seems very strange,
Our middle Natures form'd of Flesh and Blood,
Should have such depths of Ill, such heights of Good.
An Angel Sister, and a Devil Brother.

Por. He's my Brother, and I know no defence
For injur'd Innocence, but Innocence.

Fly

Fly, fly, *Octavio*, leave me to my fate.

Oct. Your kindness, Generous Maide, confutes that
To save my life, you Counsel me to fly,
Which is at once to bid me live, and die.

Por. What then, for Heavens sake d'you resolve to do?

Oct. I—a resolve, and suddenly, but what,
I swear I know not, there have been such Turns
In my Misfortunes, they have made me giddy.

Porc. You must determine, time wasts *Octavio*.

Oct. Madam, if I should lead you through the Streets,
And chance to meet th' Officers of Justice,
I not daring to avow my Person,
For that unlucky Accident you know of,
You might, I fear, by that means, be in danger,
We must not ventur't; Run, Rascal, and fetch
A Chair immediately.

Die. A pretty Errand at this time o'th' night;
These Chair-men are exceedingly well natur'd,
Th'are likely to obey a Servants orders
After nine a Clock. [*Exit Diego.*

Oct. Ye Powers above, why do ye lay so great
A weight on Human Nature, and bestow
Such an unequal Force to bear our Loads?
After a long Pursuit, through all those Storms,
Which Hell-bred Malice, or the Power of Fate
Could ever raise, t'oppose a Noble Love;
To be at length possess'd of the Rich Mine,
Where Nature seem'd to have lodg'd all her Treasure;
And in an Instance have it Ravish'd from me,
Is too rude a Trial for my Patience
To sustain; I cannot bear it.

Porc. My sense of this misfortune Equals yours,
But yet I must Conjure you to submit
To the Decrees of those, who Rule above,
Such Resignation may incline their Justice
Th' impending Mischief to divert; Besides
In humane things, there's such vicissitude,
Where Hope should end, we hardly can Conclude.

Oct. Weak Hope the Parent is of anxious Care.

And

And more tormenting farr, than fixt Despair.
This, makes us turne to new Expedients,
That, languish 'twixt Desire and Diffidence.

Por. Fortune will blush for shame, when she shall find
Her best aim'd-Darts can never touch your Mind.

Oct. Ah *Porcia*, though my minde be farr above
The reach of Fate, 'tis level unto Love;
Urge it no more; I'le die a thousand Deaths
Ere I'le consent to part with you. [*strikes his breast.*

Por. I shall be alwayes yours, for though w'are forc'd,
To separate, yet we are not Divorc'd.

Oct. Whilst our Soules act by Organs of the Sense,
Twixt Death, and Parting, there's no difference.

Por. Consult your Reason, then you will Comply;
Making a Virtue of Necessity.

Oct. Ah lovely Maid; *'Twas not allow'd to Jove*
To hold at once his Reason, and his Love.

Enter Diego.

Die. The Chair is come, Sir, just as I expected.

Oct. Where is it?

Die. Even where it was; they are deeply engag'd
Alas Pintas, and will not leave their Game,
They swear, for all the *Dons* in *Sevil*.

Oct. A curse upon these Rogues! I'le make 'em come,
Or make their hearts ake. [*Octavio run*

Die. Madam, though I was never yet Unkind
To my own Person, I am so much troubled
At the Disquiet, my Mistake has brought you,
That could I do't conveniently, I'Faith,
I would even cudgel my self.

Por. Away Buffon, Is this a time for fooling?

Enter Antonio *and* Sancho.

Ant. Where is my noble Friend *Octavio*?

Die. Did you not meet him at the Door, Sir?

Ant. No.

Die. He went out, Sir, just as you came in.

Ant.

Ant. Madam, I might have gone to Bed, but not
To Reſt, without returning to enquire
Of yours, and of my noble Friends condition;
And once more to offer you my Service.
Addreſſes himſelf to Porcia.

Por. I take the boldneſs in *Octavio*'s abſence
To return his, with my moſt humble Thanks,
For your late generous Aſſiſtance of us;
And for this new Addition to our Debt.

Ant. Though I have not th'honor to be known t'you,
The Service of your Sex, in their Diſtreſſes,
Is the firſt vow of thoſe of our Profeſſion;
And my conſtant friendſhip for *Octavio*
Is of ſo old a Date, that all occaſions,
By which I may expreſs the fervour of it,
Are moſt wellcome to me.

Enter Flora *in great haſte.*

Flor. O Madam——I'm out of breath with running.

Por. What accident *Flora* brings you hither?

Flor. A ſad one, Madam, and requiring haſt,
To give you timely notice on't; *Don Carlos*
Aſſiſted by the light o'th' riſing Moon,
And by a miſtake of ſome of your Train,
Has trac'd you to this Houſe, and in my hearing,
Inform'd your Brother of the Place, and Manner
Of your Retreat; who is now coming hither
Accompani'd with the *Corigidor*,
To ſeize on whomſoever ſhall be found
Within theſe Walls, upon pretence of Murder.

Por. Oh cruel Accident!

Flor. Madam, make haſt, get out at the back door;
Or you will certainly be met with.

Por. How vile a Creature am I now become!
For though in my own Innocence ſecure,
To the cenſorious World, who like falſe Glaſſes
Mingling their own irregular Figures,
Miſ-reflect the Object; I ſhall appear
ſome ſinful Woman, ſold to Infamy.

Ant. Your own clear mind's the Glaſs, which to your ſelf
Reflects your ſelf; and truſt me, Madam,
W'are onely happy then, when all our joyes,
Flow from our ſelves, not from the Peoples voice.

Flo. Madam, They'l inſtantly be here.

Por. Oh that *Octavio* ſhould juſt now be abſent!
But to expect till he return were Madneſs.

Ant. Y'have Reaſon, Madam, and if you dare truſt
Your Perſon to the Conduct of a Stranger,
Upon my Honor, Lady, I'l ſecure you,
Or periſh in th'Attempt.

Por. Generous Sir, How ſhall a wretched Maid,
Abandon'd by her Fate to the purſute
Of an Inhumane Brother, e'r be able
Either to merit, or Requite your Favours?

Ant. I am th'Oblig'd, if rightly underſtood,
Being o'r-paid by th'joy of doing good.

Por. Sir, I Reſign my ſelf to your Protection,
With equal Gratitude, and Confidence.

Ant. Come Madam, we muſt loſe no time;
Diego, find out your Maſter preſently,
And tell him, That the Danger not allowing
Our ſtay till his Return, I ſhall convey
His Miſtriſs ſafely to a *Nunnery*.

Por. And *Flora*, ſtay you here to bring me word,
What he Reſolves to do in this our deſperate
Condition. [*Exit* Diego.

Flo. Madam, I ſhall.

Ant. But ſtay; I ſwear, I'd like to have committed } *Going out returns.*
A foul miſtake; the *Monaſtery* Gates
Will not be open'd at this time o'th' night,
Without a ſtrict Inquiry into the Cauſe;
Beſides, 'tis poſſible, that once lodg'd there,
She may be out of my Friends Power, or mine,
Ever to get her thence, if it be known.
It muſt not be——I have thought better on't; [*He pawſes and thinks.*
I will conveigh you to my Brother-in-Law's,

A person of such Quality and Honour,
As may protect and serve you with his Credit:
And there my Wife may have the happiness
T'accompany you; and pay the Offices
Due to your Vertue and distressed Condition:
And going to a House that's so much mine,
Make account, Madam, 'tis to your own Home.
Sancho, Stay you here, to attend *Octavio*, [*Turning to Sancho.*
And guide him the next way to my Apartment;
Here is the Key; I shall have little use on't,
Having *Ernesto* waiting for me there.
One word more, *Sancho*, Let *Octavio* know
'Tis my advice, that he come in a Chair;
He by that means may possibly escape
Examination, if he should be met with.
Porc. Flora, I pray do you continue here,
And if by any accident, *Octavio*
Should be hindred from coming after us,
Observe his motions well, and where he fixes;
Then return home, and I shall find some way
Of sending to you, to inform my self.
Flora. I shall not fail to observe your Orders, Madam.
Ant. Madam, I am ready to attend you.
Porc. Ah cruel Brother! Ah my dear *Octavio*!
How am I torturd betwixt Love and Hate!
Ant. W'had better Suffer, than Deserve our Fate.
Exeunt Antonio, Porcia.
Sanch. 'Tis no small Compliment my Master makes
Your Lady, and his Gallant, at this time
O'th' night to quit his Brother-in-Laws, and leave
So fair a Bride as *Porcia* all alone.
Flor. What, is his Mistrisses Name *Porcia* too?
San. Yes; and if she has as fair a Handmaid
As your self, I shall soon forget my Damsels
In the *Low-Countries*.
Flor. If your *Low-Country* Damsels resemble us,
You would not be put to't to forget us.
But I believe that you are safe enough;

I have not heard ſuch praiſes of their wit,
But that we may ſuppoſe they have good memories.

Enter Diego.

Die. Is not my Maſter yet return'd?
Flor. No.
Die. Well; now have we an Honourable Cauſe
To wear the *Beadle's* Livery; faith, *Flora*,
If your tender Sex had not been privileg'd
From this harſh Diſcipline, how prettily
Would the *Beadle's* Crimſon Lace ſhow upon
Your white back.
Flor. 'Twon't do ſo well as on a darker ground;
'Twill ſuit much better with your Tawny hide.
San. I pray, *Camerade*, is it the Mode in *Sevil*
To be whip'd for Company?
Die. Oh Sir, a well-bred Soldier will ne'r refuſe
Such a Civility to an old friend;
This is a new way of being a Second,
To ſhew your Paſſive Courage.
San. We Soldiers do not uſe to ſhew our Backs.
Die. Not to your Enemies; but, Sir, the *Beadle*
Will prove your Friend, for your Blood being heated
With Riding Poſt, the Breathing of a Vein
Is very requiſite.
San. Would t'Heaven that I were i'the Camp again,
There we are never ſtript till we are Dead.

Enter Octavio, *and the* Chair-men *appear at the Door.*

Oct. Be ſure you ſtir not thence till I return. [*To the* Chair-men.
Sirrah, where's *Portia*?
Die. She's fled away i'th' dark, with a young man
Of your Acquaintance.
Oct. Raſcal, leave your fooling.
Die. There's none i'th' caſe, Sir, 'tis the wiſeſt thing
She ever did, had ſhe ſtaid your return,

She would have fallen into those very Clutches, h
In which you will immediately be grip'd,
Unless you make more haste; *Flora* is come
With all the speed she could, to let you know
Th' are coming with the Justice, to lay hold
Of all within this House; pray be quick, Sir,
And save your self. She's safe in a *Nunnery*;
Conducted thither by *Antonio*.

Oct. Peace Screech-Owl; Fire consume that Tongue of thine.
What sayst thou Villain? in a *Nunnery*?
Porcia in a *Nunnery*? O Heavens! nothing
But this was wanting to make me desperate;
What hope's there left ever to get her thence,
After such Accidents as these made publick?
Ah *Flora*, is it true, that my dear *Porcia*
Is gone into a *Nunnery*?

Flor. Once, Sir, twas so resolv'd, and *Diego* sent
To give you notice ont; but afterwards,
He being gone, they chang'd their Resolutions:
There's one can tell you more ——— [*Pointing to* Sancho.

San. My Master bad me stay, to let you know
He has convey'd her to his own Apartment,
In his Brother-in-law's House, a Person
So eminent in Quality and Credit,
That the Ingaging him in her, and your
Protection, Sir, may much avail ye both;
Besides, she'll have the satisfaction there
Of being treated by my Master's Bride.
There he'll Expect you, and Advises you
To come in a Chair, to avoid Questioning,
In case of any Encounter.

Oct. I'll take his Counsel, he's a generous Friend,
Come Chair-men away. Pray Friend, do you guide us. [*To* Sancho.

Die. Up with your Burden Beasts, and fall forth-with
To your Half-Trot. [*Exeunt.*

[*The Chair is carried over the Stage*, Diego, Sancho, *and* Flora *follow.*]

[*A noise within, Follow, follow, follow.*]

Enter

Enter Carlos, *the* Corrigidor, *and* Serjeants, *pursuing* Sancho, Flora, *and* Diego.

Die. This is one of Don *Cupid's* pretty Jests.
W'are struck upon a shelf before we could
Put out to Sea.
Car. You find, Sir, my Conjectures not ill grounded. [*To the*
Corig. What are you Sirrah? Corrigidor.
Die. A living Creature, very like a man.
Onely I want a Heart.
Corig. Y' are pleasant, Sir, pray Heaven your mirth continue.
Who is that Woman with the Vail?
Die. Let her answer for her self, sh' has a Tongue,
Set it but once a going, and she'll tell
All that she knows and more.
Corig. Make her uncover her face.

[*One of the Serjeants goes to lift up her Vail.*

Carl. Hold Friend; Cosin, if it should be *Porcia*, [*Turning to the*
It were not fit to expose her here. Corrigidor.
Corig. 'Tis very well consider'd, go you to her,
And speak to her in private. [Carlos *goes towards* Flora.
Flor. 'Tis I Sir, *Flora*, who being commanded
By my Lady ——————
Carl. Speak softly, prethee *Flora*, 'tis enough;
I understand the rest, and pity her;
Bid her sit still i'th' Chair, I'll do my best
To save her from dishonour.
Flor. He thinks 'tis *Porcia* there, a good mistake;
It may secure *Octavio* from the hands
Of this rude Rabble. [*Aside.*
They take you for my Mistriss, Sir, sit still, [*To* Octavio *in*
I'll follow the Chair, and watch all Occasions *the Chair.*
To further your Escape.
Car. W'have found our Wandring *Nymph*, Sir.
Corig Was it *Porcia's*
Car. No, Sir, 'twas her Waiting-woman, *Flora*,

Follow-

Following the Chair; wherein they were conveying
Her Lady to ſome other Place.

Corig. We arriv'd luckily, had we but ſtaid,
A moment longer, they had all been fled.

Ser. Will you have us ſee, Sir, who's th' Chair?

Corig. Forbear Fellow!
Her own folly is puniſhment enough [*To Carlos.*
T'a Woman of her Quality, without
Our adding that of Publick Shame.

Carl. 'Twas happily thought on, when you oblig'd
Don *Henrique* to expect us at your Houſe;
For had he come, and found his Siſter here,
'T had been impoſſible to have reſtrain'd
His Paſſion from ſome great Extravagance.

Corig. I cou'd not think it fit to let him come;
For one of a ſuch a Spirit, would ne'r brook
The ſight of thoſe had done him theſe Affronts.
And's better that a buſineſs of this Nature,
Eſpecially 'twixt Perſons of ſuch Quality,
Should be compos'd, if it were poſſible,
By th' Mediation of ſome choſen Friends,
Than brought t'a publick Trial of the Laws;
Or, which is worſe, ſome Barbarous Revenge.

Carl. This Fellow (if I am not much miſtaken) I [*Looking upon* Diego.
Is Don *Octavio's* Man.

Corig Who do you belong to, Friend?

Die. To no body, Sir.

Corig. Do not you ſerve?

Die. Yes Sir, but my Maſter is not himſelf.

Corig. Take his Sword from him, Serjeant. [*The Serjeant goes to take away his Sword.*

Die. Diego diſarm'd? by any other hand
Than by his own? Know Friend, it is a Weapon
Of ſuch dire Execution, that I dare not
Give it up, but to the hands of Juſtice.

[*The* Corigidor *receives the Sword, and gives it to one of his* Serjeants.

Pray call for't, Sir, aſſoon as you come home,
And hang't up in your Hall, then under-write,

This

This is bold *Diego's* Sword; O may it be
Ever from Ruſt, as 'tis from Slaughter free.
Corig. Thou art a Fellow of a pleaſant Humor.
Die. Faith Sir, I never pain my ſelf for Love,
Or Fame, or Riches; nor do I pretend
To that great Subtilty of Senſe, to Feel
Before I am hurt; and for the moſt part,
I keep my ſelf out of Harms way.
Car. The Definition of a *Philoſopher.*
Corig. Come, leave your fooling, Sirrah, where's your Maſter?
Die. The onely way to leave my fooling Sir,
Is to leave my Maſter; for without doubt
Whoever has but the leaſt grain of Wit,
Would never ſerve a *Lover Militant*;
He had better wait upon a *Mountebank*,
And be run through the Body twice a Week,
To recommend his Balſom.
Corig. This Fellow's an Original.
Die. But of ſo ill a hand, I am not worth
The hanging up, Sir, in my Maſter's room,
Amongſt the worſt of your Collection.

Enter Serjeants *with two* Footmen *and two* Maid-Servants.

Serj. An't pleaſe your Worſhip, we have ſearch'd the Houſe,
From the Cellars to the Garrets, and theſe
Are all the living Cattle, we can find.
Corig. Friends, take a ſpecial care of that ſame Varlet,
And the Waiting-woman; we'll find a way
To make them tell the Truth, I warrant you.
Flor. O *Diego!* muſt we be Priſoners together?
Die. Why, that's not ſo bad as the Bands of Wedlock,
Flora.
Corig. Come, let's away; but whether to convey her ——
To her own Houſe, certainly were not fit,
Becauſe of her incenſed Brother.
Car. If you approve on't, Coſin, I'll carry her
To mine; for ſince we ſeek (if poſſible)

To

To compose the Business, she will be there
With much more decency and satisfaction;
Being in a Kinsmans House, and where she'll have
My Sister to accompany her.

Corig. This Business cannot be in better Hands,
Than yours; and there I'll leave it, and bid you
Good-night.

Car. Your Servant, Cosin, I wish you well at home.
You may be pleas'd to take your Serjeants with you [*As the Co-*
There are without two Servants of Don *Henrique's*, *rigidor goes*
They'l be enough to guard our Prisoners, *out.*
And with less notice.

Corig. Come, Serjeants, follow me.

Carl. Well, ye may go about your business, Friends, [*To the*
I'm glad we did not find *Octavio* here; Footmen
For though I might justly pretend Ignorance, *and* Maids,
I would not have him suffer, though by chance.
[*Exeunt* Servants.

Sanch. Well, I am now sufficiently instructed,
And since there is no notice ta'en of me,
I'll fairly steal away, and give my Master,
An Account of this Misfortune. [*Exit* Sancho.

Car. Take up the Chair and follow me. [*They take up the Chair.*

Die. A Lovely Dame they bear; 'tis true, she's something
Hairy about the Chin, but that, they say's,
A Sign of Strength: It tickles me to think
How like an Ass he'll look, when op'ning the Shell,
His Worship finds within so rough a Kernel. [*Exeunt.*

The SCENE *changes to Don* Antonio's *Apartment in Don* Henrique's *House.*

Enter Antonio *and* Porcia.

Ant. Madam, Banish your fear, you are now safe
Within these Walls; be pleas'd to remain here,
Till I shall bring some Lights, and acquaint *Porcia*
With

With th'Honour ſhe'll receive in entertaining
So fair a Gueſt.

Porc. Who is't, you ſay, you will advertiſe, Sir?

Ant. My Wife *Porcia*; Have but a little patience,
And ſhe'll attend you Madam. [*Exit* Antonio.

Porc. Is her Name *Porcia* too? Pray Heaven ſend her
A better Fate than her diſtreſſed Names-ſake.
But whither am I brought? What Houſe is this?
What with my fears, and darkneſs of the Night,
I have loſt all my Meaſures, I can't gueſs
What Quarter of the Town it is, w'are in,
For to avoid the meeting with my Brother,
And his Revengeful Train, we have been forc'd
To make ſo many Turnings, I am giddy.
But, thanks to Providence, I have this comfort,
That, now, I'm in a Place out of his reach.

Enter Antonio *with two Lights, and ſets them on the Table.*

Ant. Madam, My Wife will ſuddenly attend you,
Pardon, I pray, my abſence for a moment. [*Exit* Antonio.

Porc. Now I begin to hope my Sighs and Tears,
Have in ſome meaſure with juſt Heaven prevail'd
At length to free me —— But what do I ſee! [*Looking about her ſhe ſtarts.*
Am I awake, or is it an Illuſion?
Bleſs me is not this my Brother's Houſe? this
The Quarter joyning to my own Apartment?
There is no room for doubt, and my Misfortunes
Are always certain, and without redreſs.
Unerring Powers, Arbitrers of Fate,
Teach me my Crimes, and how to expiate
Your wrath: Alas, I know not what I've done,
To merit this continu'd Perſecution?
But how came I here? brought by *Octavio*'s Friend,
One, on whoſe Vertue, I did ſo relie,
That I my Brother's Malice durſt defie.
Can he betray me? ſure I 'm in a Dream.
But if *Octavio* —— O vile ſuſpicion!

Octavio falſe? No, Truth and he are one.
'Tis poſſible his Friend may guilty be;
But to what end ſo baſe a Treachery:
And if Perfidious, how could he be his Friend.
I am confounded with the various forms
Of my Misfortunes, heightned ſtill the more,
The leſs I can their Hidden Cauſe explore.
This onely's evident, that I muſt flie
Immediately this Fatal Place; But why
Struggle I thus with Fate? ſince go, or ſtay,
Death ſeems alike to wait me every way. } *She weeps.*

Enter Antonio *and* Camilla.

Cam. I wonder much what Lady this can be
Antonio mentions. [*Aſide.*
Ant. Pardon, I beſeech you Madam, the liberty
Which I ſo early take; but I preſume
Such is your Generous Tenderneſs to thoſe,
Whoſe ſpiteful Fortunes, not their Fault, has brought
Into Diſtreſs, that you will think your ſelf
Oblig'd to him, who gives you the occaſion
T'exerciſe thoſe Vertues, which onely viſit
Others, but reſide with you; This fair Lady ——
But ſhe will beſt relate her own ſad Story;
Whil'ſt I ſeek out Don *Henrique*, and engage him
T' employ his Power and Int'reſt for her ſervice.
[*Exit* Antonio.

[*Upon* Camilla's *approach* Porcia *takes the Handkerchief from her Eyes.*

Cam. Ha! what's that I ſee? Stay, ſtay *Antonio*. [*She runs after*
It is not fit *Don Henrique* —— but he's gone, Antonio.
And we are loſt for ever.
Por. O Heavens! Is this *Antonio*, the ſame Man
To whom I am Betroath'd? then my Deſtruction
Is inevitable.
Cam. Are you an Apparition? or are you

Porcia

Porcia her ſelf? ſpeak; thatwhen y'have ſaid it thrice
I may not yet believe you.
Por. You well may doubt, even what you ſee, *Camilla*;
Since my Diſaſters are ſo new, and ſtrange,
They ſever Truth from Credibility.
Cam. How is it poſſible you ſhould be here?
Por. I know not how; onely of this I'm ſure,
I have not long t'expect the diſmal end
Of my ſad Tragedy; ſince 'tis evident,
The Perſon, that hath led me to this Place,
This fatal Place, is the abus'd *Antonio*;
Who has conſpir'd with my unnatural Brother,
To take away my wretched life, and choſe
This *Scene*, as fitteſt for their Cruelty.
And thus, ſtrange Fate! (through Ignorance betray'd)
I have ſought Protection from the ſame Party,
Whom I have injur'd; and have made my Husband
Th'onely Confident of his own Affront:
Who to accompliſh his too juſt Revenge,
As well upon my Family, as Perſon,
Gives me up to be murder'd by my Brother.
So, whil'ſt I'm branded as a Faithleſs Bride,
He'll be deteſted, as a *Parricide*.
Cam. Prodigious Accident! but wert thou blind
Not to know thine own Houſe, unhappy *Porcia*?
Porc. Alas, how could I? in ſo dark a Night,
In ſuch Confuſion, and ſo full of fear?
Beſides, he brought me in by the Back-way,
Through his own Quarter, where was neither Light,
Nor any Creature of the Family.
Cam. Although I cannot comprehend the ſteps
Of this your ſtrange Adventure, yet dear Coſin,
Your caſe (as I conceive) is not ſo deſperate.
Por We eaſily perſwade our ſelves to hope
The things we wiſh.
But Coſin, my condition
Will not admit ſelf flattery, and what
Can you propoſe to temper my Deſpair?

Cam. Don't you remember, how this Afternoon
Antonio's man finding me in your Quarter
Without a Vail (you having put on mine)
That he appli'd himſelf to me, and I,
By your command, aſſum'd your Perſon.

Porc. Yes very well.

Cam. The Maſter ſince has by the Man's miſtake
Been happily led into the ſame Error,
I have not diſabus'd him yet, in hopes
It might produce Advantage to us both.

Porc. Oh! he has ſpoken with my Brother ſince,
Who ſure has undeceiv'd him long e'r this.
No, without doubt, they having found themſelves
Affronted both, have both conſpir'd my death.

Cam. How Coſin can that be? if Don *Antonio*
Has engag'd himſelf, in your Protection,
And is *Octavio*'s Friend.

Porc. Coſin, If you impartially reflect
On the Affront which I have done *Antonio*,
You will not wonder much, if he recede
From the ſcarce trodden Path of rigid Honour,
To meet with his Revenge; and to that end
Proceeds thus cauteloufly; ſtill pretending
He knows not me; that he may diſavow
Both to *Octavio* and to all the world
Th'Infamy of Betraying a poor Maid
To loſs of Life and Honour.

Cam. Misfortunes make you rave; this vile Suſpicion
Is inconſiſtent with *Antonio*'s Fame;
You may as well believe, that Nature will
Reverſe the Order of the whole Creation;
As that *Antonio*, a Man, whoſe Soul
Is of ſo ſtrong and perfect a Complexion,
Should e'r deſcend to ſuch a ſlaviſh ſin.
And if we had the leaſure, I could give you
Such Reaſons to convince you of your Error,
That you would both acknowledge and repent it.

(ſpoken with heat.)

Porc. Alas! I had forgot her near Concernments. [*Aſide.*

For

For *Antonio.* Pardon and pity me *Camilla*;
My mind is ſo diſtracted by Afflictions,
I know not what I ſhou'd, or ſhou'd not Fear;
Cam. I pity thee with all my heart; but Coſin,
If *Antonio*, not knowing you, nor your
Relations, ſhould chance to find your Brother,
And tell him unawares all that has paſs'd,
And that has brought the diſtreſs'd Party hither;
He'll preſently imagine it is you;
And then (I fear) 'twill be impoſſible
(Though he ſhould interpoſe with all his power)
To ſtop the Torrent, or divert his Rage
From breaking in, and executing on us
That horrid *Parricide*, which (though too late)
It may be he himſelf would execrate.
Porc. There's too much ground for what you fear, *Camilla*;
But if I could ſecure my ſelf this night,
'Tis very poſſible, that to morrow
We might engage *Antonio* and your Brother
To find out ſome Expedient to relieve me.
Cam. Were you onely in pain for your ſecurity
This night, I know an eaſie Remedy
For that.
Porc. Which way, my Deareſt?
Cam. Why what does hinder us from making uſe
(On this occaſion) of the ſecret door,
By which (you know) you have ſo often paſt
Into our Houſe, upon more pleaſing Errands?
By this we ſhall obtain theſe benefits
Of ſafety from your Brothers preſent Fury,
And time to try if *Carlos* and *Antonio*
May be engag'd to mediate in this Buſineſs.
And I have cauſe to think you will not find
Antonio ſo implacable as you
Imagine.
Porc. I conceive you Coſin, Fool that I was,
To think a Heart once conquer'd by your Eyes,
Should e'r become another Virgins Prize.

Enter

Enter Antonio.

Ant. So late! a Gueſt in's Houſe! that's come ſo far!
On ſuch a Buſineſs! and not yet come home!
There's ſomething in't I cannot comprehend. [*Aſide.*
Madam, I han't as yet found out your Brother,
But ſure 'twill not be long, e'r he return.
Then I'll acquaint him with the Accident
Has made his Houſe this Ladies Sanctuary.
Porc. Here is a Glimpſe of Comfort, for I ſee
He takes my Coſin for Don *Henrique*'s Siſter; [*Aſide.*
O bleſs'd miſtake, ſo luckily continu'd!
Cam. I am by his permiſſion Miſtriſs here,
And ſince that I am pleas'd Sir, 'tis enough,
Without our troubling him with the Account
Of her ſad Storie.
Ant. True, Madam, as to her Reception here,
But yet 'twere very fit he knew it too,
That we might ſerve our ſelves of his Advice,
And Credit for this Ladies ſervice.

Enter Henrique.

Henr. Though I did promiſe the *Corrigidor*
Not to ſtir from his Houſe, till his return,
Yet I could not obtain it of my ſelf; [*Aſide.*
I'm ſo impatient to unfold the Riddle
Of Don *Antonio*'s ſeeing of my Siſter,
And entertaining her in her own Lodgings;
I ſhall not now be long i'th' dark. O Heavens! [*He ſees her.*
'Tis ſhe, her ſelf, and *Camilla* with her:
Were all my ſervants mad; or all agreed
T' abuſe me, in affirming ſhe was fled?
But Don *Carlos*, was he mad too, to ſwear
That he had trac'd her to another Houſe?
Certainly I or they muſt be poſſeſs'd;
Or ſome Inchantment reigns within theſe Walls.

Ant.

Ant. O here comes Don *Henrique*, now I'll acquaint him
With your sad Story, Madam.
Cam. I fear we are undone.
Ant. Don *Henrique* ——————
Porc. I'm dead if he proceed; but how to hinder him ——
Ant. Here's a Lady with your Sister *Porcia* ——————
Henr. Yes, Sir, I see who 'tis.
Ant. Since you know her, Sir, you will the eas'ier
Excuse my boldness.
Hen. Boldness! in what Sir?
Ant. To have been th'occasion of your finding her
Here, with your Sister, at this time o'th' night.
Hen. Lord Sir, what do you mean?
Ant. There was in truth such a necessity in it,
That 'twill, I hope, excuse my humble suit t' you
In hers and my behalf.
Porc. Now all comes out.
Hen. I understand you, Sir, she do's desire
To pass this night with *Porcia* to assist her
In th' ordering of her Nuptial Ceremonies:
Let her stay a God's Name.
Porc. If he does not dissemble, my Condition [*Aside.*
Is not so desperate as I imagin'd.
Ant. I hope you'll pardon this great Liberty;
So early a Confidence will need it, Sir.
Hen. 'Tis more than enough, that you desire it;
Th' occasion too does justifie her stay.
Ant. 'Tis most true Sir, th'occasion did inforce me
Thus boldly to presume upon your Friendship.
Henr. Ha' done for Heavens sake, is it a Novelty
Think you, for *Porcia* and her Cosin-Germain,
To pass a night together?
Ant. Is she so near a Kinswoman of his?
Strange inadvertence in her, not to tell me. [*Aside.*
Her Relation to him, when I nam'd him first,
I'd made fine work on't, had I told him all.
Henr. She knows I owe her many a good turn [*Looking on the La-*
Upon *Octavio*'s score, and hope e're long *dies, and spoke aside, that*

To

To be able to repay her to the full. (*that* Anton. *might not hear him.*

Porc. Can he declare his mind in plainer terms?

Cam. I cannot tell which of us two he means,
Thoſe words may be appli'd to either of us,
But I begin to fear that he knows all.

Henr. Since 'tis ſo late, pray give the Ladies leave
To retire to their Chambers; Go in Siſter,

Ant. My Brothers Words and his Behaviour
Imply ſome Myſtery; but I muſt be ſilent [*Aſide:*
Till I diſcover more.

Porc. Let us be gone, w'are loſt if we ſtay here;
I'm confident he counterfeits this Calme
To cover his Revenge, until *Antonio*,
And the reſt of the Houſe are gone to Bed.

Cam. But we ſhall ne'r be able to get out
Whil'ſt they continue in the outward Rooms.

Porc. Yes, by the Garden door, but I'm afraid
'Tis ſhut.

Cam. No, now I think on't, *Flora* went that way,
And left it open.

Porc. Come, Let's be gone; I hope Heaven will ordain
Eaſe by that door, which firſt let in my pain.

Exeunt Porcia *and* Camilla.

Ant. I'll onely make a ſtep Sir, to my Chamber,
And then return to you immediately.

Hen. Pray, Sir, give me leave to wait on you.

An. I humbly thank you, Sir, I know the way,
And ſhall not ſtay above a moment from you.

Henr. What you pleaſe, Sir, you command here.

Ant. I'll now go ſee whether my ſervant *Sancho*
Has brought *Octavio* to my Lodgings,
As I directed him. [*Exit* Antonio.

Henr. Heavens! was there ever ſo ſtrange a Myſtery!
Don *Carlos* he affirm'd that thoſe we fought with
Had convey'd *Porcia* away; and when I come
To ſeek her in the Houſe, I find her miſſing;
To ſecond this, her Waiting-woman *Flora*

Tells

Tells me that she went down, about that time,
Into the Garden; *Antonio*, not long after,
Affirms that he both saw and entertain'd her,
In her own Appartment, where I now find her,
And *Camilla* with her: What can this be?
These sure are Riddles to pose an *Oedipus*;
But if, by my own sense, I am assur'd
My Honour's safe, which was so much in doubt,
What matter is it how 'tis brought about.

The Fifth *ACT*.

The SCENE
Don *CARLOS's HOUSE.*

Enter Diego, Flora, *and* Pedro *accompanying the Chair, groaping as i'the dark.*

Pedr. DAme *Flora*, and Signior *Diego* go in there.
And you, my Friends, set down the Chair, and let
The Lady out; Go, there's money for you.
I'll go fetch a Candle.

[Diego *and* Flora *go in*, *and the Chair being set in the door*, Octavio *goes out into the Room*; Pedro *claps to the door, and goes away.*

Enter Octavio, Diego, Flora, *at another door.*

Oct. What! Put in all alone here i'the dark! [*Groaping as i'th' dark.*
And the door shut upon me! *Diego*, *Flora*.
Die. Here am I Sir, and Mistriss *Flora* too.

Unleſs my Senſe of feeling fails me.

Oct. I can't conjecture where we are; I durſt not
So much as peep out of the Chair, ſince *Flora*
Gave me the warning; but where e'r I am,
'Tis better far than in the Serjeants hands.

Flor. Though now i'th' dark, I know well where we are;
I have too often walk'd the Streets, *Octavio*,
From your Houſe hither, upon *Cupid*'s Errands,
Not to know the Back-door of *Carlos* his
Apartment, 'tis there I am ſure w' are now.

Oct. Curſe on thee, *Flora*! had'ſt thou loſt thy wits,
Not to let me know it ſooner?

Die. A *Gypſie* told me by my Palm, long ſince,
A ſowre-fac'd Damſel ſhould be my undoing.

Flor. Suſpend a while your Apprehenſions, Sir;
You may eſcape before the Candles come;
The door was wont to open on this ſide; [Octavio *goes*
If not, I have another way in ſtore. *to the door.*

Oct. Flora, I cannot make the Lock go back.

Pedro *unlocks it on the other ſide, and coming in with a Candle, meets with* Octavio, *and ſtarting back and ſtumbling, lets the Candle fall, then running out again, double-locks the door.*

Die. Nay then, i'faith, w' are faſt; I heard him give
The Key a double turn. [Diego *takes up the Candle.*
Here's a fair trial for your Maiden breath,
Flora blow't in again, let's owe your Mouth
More Light, than yet your Eyes could e'r impart.

Flor. Light's caſt away on ſuch an Owl as you.
But yet I'll try. [Flora *blows the Candle in.*

Die. Thanks, gentle *Flora*, to your Virgin-Puff;
'Tis a ſtrong breath, that can o'rcome a Snuff. [*Aſide.*
But I had rather t' had been let alone:
If I muſt needs be kill'd, unleſs it were
Behind my back, I'd have it i'the dark;
For I hate to be kill'd in my own preſence.

Oct. What muſt we do *Flora*? all my hope's in you.

Flor.

Flor. W'have yet some room for hope; there's a Back-stairs
Beyond that Inner Chamber, which goes down
Into the Garden, if the door be open,
As certainly it is, the way is easie.

Oct. Come, let's lose no time; prethee guide us, *Flora.*

[*Exeunt.*

The SCENE *changes to Don* Henrique's *House.*

Enter Don Henrique.

Henr. As well pleas'd as I am, to find my Honour
Less desperate than I thought, I cannot rest
Till I have drawn from *Porcia* a Confession
Of the whole Truth, before she goes to bed;
She's in her Chamber now, unless by new
Enchantments carried thence.

[*As he is going towards* Porcia's *Chamber,*]

Enter Carlos *in haste.*

Carl. I can't imagine what should make Don *Henrique*
Quit the *Corrigidor*'s till we return'd:
One of his servants tells me he's come home.
O here he is; now shall I raise a storm,
Which (if we do not take a special care)
Will scarce b' allay'd without a showre of Blood;
Yet I must ventur't, since it so imports
Our Friendship, and the Honour of our House.
Happiness is such a stranger to Mankind,
That like to forc'd Motion, it is ever strongest
At the first setting out, then languishing
With time, grows weary of our company;
But to Misfortunes we so subject are,
That like to Natural Motion they acquire
More force in their Progression.

[*Aside.*

[*Addressing to* Henrique.

Henr. What means this *Philosophical Preamble?*

Carl. You'll know too soon, I fear.

Henr. Don *Carlos*, I am now ſo well recover'd
From all m'Inquietudes, that for the future,
I dare defie the malice of my Stars,
To cauſe a new Relapſe into Diſtemper.
Carl. Coſin, I'm much ſurpriz'd with this great change,
But ſince y' are ſuch a Maſter of your Paſſions,
I'll ſpare my *Ethicks*, and proceed to give you
In ſhort the Narrative of our ſucceſs;
Our worthy Kinſman the *Corrigidor*
Forward to ſerve you, in th'Affair I mention'd,
Was pleas'd to go along with me in Perſon,
With a ſtrong Band of Serjeants, to the place
Where I, attended by your Servants, led him.
Coſin, 'twas there; it wounds my heart to ſpeak it;
And I conjure you ſummon all your Patience,
'Twas there I found ——————
Henr. Whom, Coſin, did you find? for ſince I'm ſure,
You found not *Porcia* there; my Concernments
In your Diſcoveries, are not very likely
To diſcompoſe me.
Car. I would to Heaven we had not found her there.
Henr. What's that you ſay, Don *Carlos*? My Siſter there!
Carl. Yes, Sir, your Siſter.
Henr. My Siſter? that's good i'faith; ha, ha, ha.
Carl. Why do you laugh? Is the diſhonour of
Our Family become a Laughing Matter?
This is a worſe Extream, me-thinks, than t'other.
Henr. How can I chooſe but laugh to ſee you dream;
Awake for Heavens ſake; and recall your Senſes.
Porcia there ſaid you?
Carl. Yes Sir, *Porcia* I ſay; your Siſter *Porcia*;
And which is more, 'twas in *Octavio*'s Houſe.
Henr. Why ſure y'are not in earneſt, Coſin.
Carl. As ſure as you're alive I found her there.
Henr. Then you tranſport me, Sir, beyond all Patience:
Why Coſin, if ſhe has been ſtill at home,
Antonio ſeen, and entertain'd her here,
Accompany'd by *Camilla*; if even now

I left them there within; Is't poſſible
You ſhould have found her in *Octavio*'s Houſe?
To be here, and there too, at the ſame time,
None ſure but *Janus* with his double face
Can e'r unfold this Myſtery.

Carl. Let me adviſe you, abuſe not your ſelf;
I tell you poſitively I found her there:
And by the ſame token, her Waiting-woman
Flora was there attending her.

Henr. *Flora?* dear Coſin, do not ſtill perſiſt,
Thus to affirm impoſſibilities.

Carl. Sure you are making ſome Experiment
Upon my Temper, and would fain provoke
My Patience, to ſome ſuch high Diſorder,
That I ſhould ne'r hereafter have the face,
When you are in your Fits, to play the *Stoick*.

Henr. Coſin, I ſwear to you, upon my Honor,
'Tis not above a quarter of an hour,
Since I did ſpeak with *Porcia* and your Siſter,
In that very Apartment, and am now
Returning to them in my Siſter's Chamber.

Carl. And Sir, I ſwear to you upon my Honor,
'Tis not above a quarter of an hour,
Since I left *Porcia* carrying in a Chair,
From Don *Octavio*'s Houſe, and your Man *Pedro*
Leading the Chair-men to mine, and follow'd
By *Flora*, whil'ſt I came to find you out,
To acquaint you with this unpleaſing News;
But fit for you to know, as ſoon as might be.

Henr. This Queſtion, Coſin, may be ſoon decided;
Pray come along, her Chamber's not far off.

Carl. And my Houſe but the next door, let's go thither.

Henr. You'll quickly find your Error, Coſin.

Carl. And you'll as ſoon be undeceiv'd; but ſtay,
Here comes your Servant, whom I left to guard her;
He'll inſtantly convince you of the truth.

Enter Pedro.

Pedr. O Sir! ——————

Henr. What brings your hither, *Pedro?*

Pedr. Give me my *Albricias*, Sir, I bring you
The rareſt News, your Enemy, *Octavio*,
I'm quite out of breath, ——

Henr. What does the Varlet mean?

Pedr. Sir, I ſuppoſe Don *Carlos* has inform'd you,
That he left me to ſee your Siſter *Porcia*,
With *Flora* and *Diego*, *Octavio*'s Man,
Safely convey'd t'his Houſe.

Carl. See now Don *Henrique*, who was i'the right.

Pedr. I did as he commanded me, and put them
All three into Don *Carlos*'s Anti-Chamber,
Porcia in the ſame Chair, which brought her thither;
And for more ſafety double-lock'd the door,
Whil'ſt I went down in haſte to fetch ſome Candles;

Henr. As ſure as Death this Madneſs is infectious,
My Man is now in one of *Carlos*'s Fits.

Pedr. Returning with ſome Lights a moment after,
I no ſooner open'd the door, but Heavens!
Who ſhould I ſee, there, ſtanding juſt before me,
In the ſelf-ſame place, where I left *Porcia*,
But *Octavio*, your Enemy *Octavio.*

Henr. Here is ſome Witch-craft, ſure; what can this mean?

Ped. Amaz'd at this ſight, I let the Candle fall;
And clapt the door to, then double-lock'd it,
And brought away the Key.

Carl. But how could he get in, if you be ſure
You lock'd the door, when you went out for Lights?

Ped. I know not whether he was there before,
Or got in after, but of this I'm ſure,
That there I have him now, and ſafe enough.

Henr. Let's not, Don *Carlos*, now perplex our ſelves
With needleſs Circumſtances, when? and how?
Thoſe *Queries* are too Flegmatick for me;

If

If the Beaſt be i'th' Toil it is enough;
Let us go ſeize him; for he muſt die.

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Pray Brother, what unhappy man is he,
Whom you ſo poſitively doom to death?
I have a Sword to ſerve you, in all occaſions,
Worthy of you, and me.
Henr. His intervening, *Carlos*, is unlucky,
How ſhall we behave our ſelves towards him
In this Buſineſs? ſo unfit for his knowledge?
Carl. Coſin, you ſhould conſider with your ſelf, [Carlos *draws*
What anſwer to return him; he's not a Man Henr. *aſide.*
To be put off with any ſlight Pretences;
Nor yet to be engag'd in ſuch an Action,
As bears th'appearance rather of Brutality
Than true Honour; you know, *Antonio* needs
No freſh Occaſions to ſupport his Name;
Who Dangers ſeek, are indigent of Fame.
Henr. I beg your patience Sir, but for one word [Henrique *addreſſing himſelf to* Anton.
With this Gentleman, my friend.
Ant. I'll attend your leaſure.
I find my coming has diſorder'd 'em, [*Aſide.*
There's ſomething they would fain conceal from me;
All here is diſcompos'd, what e'r's the matter.
Henr. I am a Rogue if I know what to do.
Carl. Since the Event's ſo dangerous and doubtful,
'Tis beſt, in my Opinion, Sir, to temporize.
Henr. How eaſily men get the name of Wiſe!
To fear t' engage, is call'd to Temporize:
Sure Fear and Courage cannot be the ſame,
Yet th'are confounded by a ſpecious Name;
And I muſt tamely ſuffer, becauſe Fools
Are rul'd by nice Diſtinctions of the Schools:
How I hate ſuch Cold Complexions. [*He ſtamps.*
Carl. Why ſo tranſported, as if Vehemence
Were for your Paſſion an approv'd defence.

Henr.

Henr. Who condemns Paſſions, Nature he arraigns,
Carl. Th'are uſeful ſuccors, when they ſerve in Chains;
But he who throws the Bridle on their Necks,
From a good Cauſe, will produce ill Effects.
Henr. Be th'Effects what they will, I am reſolv'd,
I doubt not of your kind Concurrence, Sir, [*Addreſſing to*
In all the near Concernments of a Perſon Antonio.
Ally'd to you, as I am; but noble Brother,
It were againſt the Laws of Hoſpitality
And Civil Breeding, to engage a Gueſt
(Newly arriv'd after ſo long a Journey)
In an occaſion, where there may be danger.
Ant. If ſuch be the occaſion, I muſt then
Acquaint you freely, that I wear a Sword,
Which muſt not be excluded from your Service;
I'm ſure you are too Noble t'employ yours
In any Cauſe, not juſtifi'd by Honour;
Henr. Though with Regret, I ſee, Sir, I muſt yield
To your exceſs of Generoſity;
This onely I ſhall ſay, to ſatisfie
Your juſt Reflections; that my Reſentments
Are grounded on Affronts of ſuch a Nature,
That as nothing but the Offenders life
Can e'r repair 'em, ſo as to the Forms
Of taking my Revenge, they can't admit
Of the leaſt ſcruple.
Ant. Honour's my Standard, and 'tis true, that I
Had rather Fall, than Bluſh for Victory;
But you are ſuch a Judge of Honour's Laws,
That 'twere Injurious to ſuſpect your Cauſe.
Allow me, Sir, th'honour to lead the way.

Exit Antonio *and* Henrique.

Carl. If *Porcia* be there too (as I believe)
'Twill prove, I fear, a fatal *Tragedy*;
But ſhould ſhe not be there; yet 'tis too much
For ſuch a Heart as mine, through Ignorance
To have betray'd a Gentleman, though faulty,

Into

Into ſuch cruel hands; I muſt go with them;
But ſo reſolv'd, as in this Bloody ſtrife,
I'll ſalve my Honour, or I'll loſe my life. [*Exit* Carlos.

The SCENE *changes to Don* Carlos's *Houſe.*

Enter Octavio, Diego, Flora *with a Candle.*

Flor. O th'unluckineſs! I vow t'you Sir,
I have ſcarce known that door e'r lock'd before.
Oct. There's no Remedy *Flora*, I am now
At the mercy of my Enemies.
Dieg. Having broken into another's ground,
'Tis juſt, i'faith, you ſhould be put i'th' Pound.
Oct. The Tide of my ill Fate is ſwoln ſo high,
'Twill not admit encreaſe of miſery;
Since amongſt all the Curſes, there is none
So wounds the ſpirit, as Privation.
For 'tis not where we lie, but whence we fell,
The loſs of Heaven's the greateſt Pain in Hell;
When I had ſail'd the doubtful Courſe of Love,
Had ſafely gain'd my Port, and far above
My Hopes, the precious Treaſure had ſecur'd,
For which ſo many ſtorms I had endur'd;
To be ſo ſoon from this great Bleſſing torn;
That's hard to ſay, if 'twere firſt Dead, or Born,
May doubtleſs ſeem ſuch a tranſcendent Curſe,
That even the Fates themſelves, could do no worſe;
Yet this I bore with an erected face,
Since Fortune, not my Fault caus'd my Diſgrace;
But now, my Eyes unto the Earth are bent,
Conſcious of meriting this Puniſhment;
For truſting a fond Maid's officious Care,
My Life and Honour's taken in this Snare;
And thus I periſh, on this unſeen Shelf,
Purſu'd by Fate, and falſe unto my ſelf.

Flora, When I am dead, I pray preſent [*He pulls out his Tablets.*
Theſe Tablets to your Lady, there ſhe'll find,
My laſt Requeſt, with Reaſons which I give
That for my ſake, ſhe would vouchſafe to live.
Give me the Candle, *Flora*.

[Octavio *ſets the Candle on a Table, and ſits down to write in his Tablets.*

Dieg. A double Curſe upon all Love in earneſt,
All Conſtant Love; 'tis ſtill accompany'd
With ſtrange Diſaſters; or elſe ends in that
Which is the worſt of all Diſaſters, Marriage.
Flor. Sure you could wiſh that every body living
Had ſuch a Soul of Quick-ſilver, as yours,
That can fix no where.
Die. Why 'twould not be the worſe for you, dear *Flora*,
You then might hope in time to have your Turn,
As well as thoſe, who have much better Faces.
Flor. You, I preſume Sir, would be one o'th' lateſt
Which I ſhould hear of, yet 'tis poſſible
That one might ſee you, before you ſhould be
Welcom.
Die. She has Wit and good Humor, excellent
Ingredients to paſs away the time;
And I have kindneſs for her Perſon too;
But that will end with Marriage, and poſſibly
Her good Humor; for I have ſeldom known
The Husband and the Wife make any Muſick,
Though when aſunder they can play their parts;
Well, friend *Diego*, I adviſe you to look
Before you leap, for if you ſhould be coupled
To a Yoak, inſtead of a Yoak-fellow,
'Tis likely you may wear it to your Grave.
Yet, honeſt *Diego*, now I think on't better,
Your Dancing and your Vaulting days are done;
Faith, all your Pleaſures are three Stories high,
They are come up to your Mouth; you are now
For Eaſe and Eating, the onely Joys of Life;

And

And there's no Cook, nor Dry-Nurſe like a Wife.
Oct. Here take my Tablets, *Flora*; ſure they'l ſpare
Thy life for thy Sexes ſake; but for poor *Diego* ———
Die. Why Sir, they'l never offer to kill me,
There's nothing in the world I hate like death.
Oct. Since Death's the paſſage to Eternity,
To be for ever Happy, we muſt die.
Die. 'Tis very true; but moſt that die would live,
If to themſelves they could new Leaſes give.
Oct. We muſt poſſeſs our Souls with ſuch indifference,
As not to Wiſh, nor Fear to part from hence.
Die. The firſt I may pretend to, for I ſwear
I do not wiſh to part; 'tis true I fear.
Oct. Fear! why, *Death's onely cruel when he flies,*
And will not daign to cloſe the Weeping Eyes.
Die. That is a Cruelty I can forgive,
For I confeſs I'm not afraid to live.
Oct. We ſhall ſtill live, though 'tis by others breath,
By our good Fame, which is ſecur'd by Death.
Die. But we ſhall catch ſuch Colds, Sir, under ground,
That we ſhall never hear Fames Trumpet ſound.
Oct. 'Tis but returning, when from hence we go,
As Rivers to their Mother Ocean flow.
Die. We know our Names and Channels whilſt w'are here,
W'are ſwallow'd in that dark *Abyſs* when there.
Oct. Ingulph'd in endleſs Joys and perfect Reſt,
Unchangeable, i'th' Center of the Bleſs'd
Die. Hark, I hear a noiſe. [*The noiſe of the opening of a door.*

[Diego *runs to the door, looks into the next Room, then comes running to* Octavio.]

Die. O Sir, w'are loſt, I ſee two Female Giants
Coming moſt terribly upon us.
Oct. Away you fearful Fool.

Enter Camilla *and* Porcia, *the one with a Key, the other with a Candle.*

Porc. I'm confident no body ſaw us paſs
From th' other Houſe.
Cam. However, let's go through my Brothers Quarter,
And open the Back-door into the Street,
'Tis good in all Events t'have a Retreat. [*A door claps behind, and both look back.*
More wayes than one.
Porc. O Heavens! our ſureſt paſſage is cut off,
The wind has ſhut that door through which we came:
Cam. The Accident's unlucky, 'tis a Spring-Lock,
That opens onely on the other ſide.
Porc. Let's on the faſter, and make ſure of th'other. [*Seeing* Octavio *ſhe ſtarts.*
Octavio here!

[Octavio *hearing them ſtarts up.*]

Oct. Porcia in this place! may I truſt my Senſes,
Or does my Fancy form theſe Chimera's?
Die. Either we ſleep, and dream extravagantly,
Or elſe the *Fairies* govern in this Houſe.

[Flora *runs to* Porcia.

Flor. Ah! Deareſt Miſtriſs, you ſhall never make me
Quit you ſo again.
Porc. But can that be *Octavio?*
Oct. I was *Octavio*, but I am at preſent
So much aſtoniſh'd, I am not my ſelf.
Cam. What can the meaning of this Viſion be? [Octavio *approaches* Porcia.
Oct. My deareſt *Porcia*, how is't poſſible
To find you in this place, my Friend *Antonio*
Having ſo generouſly undertaken
Your Protection?
Porc. Did he not yours ſo too? and yet I find
Octavio here, where he is more expos'd
Than I, to certain Ruin; I am loth
To ſay 'tis he, who has betray'd us both.

Oct.

Oct. *Antonio* falſe? it is impoſſible.
Die, 'Tis but too evident.
Oct. Peace Slave; he is my Friend, of Noble Blood,
Whoſe Fame's above the level of thoſe Tongues,
That bark by Cuſtom at the brighteſt Vertues,
As Dogs do at the Moon.
Porc. *How hard it is for Vertue to ſuſpect.*
Ah *Octavio!* we have been both deceiv'd;
This vile *Antonio* is the very Man,
To whom my Brother, without my conſent,
Or knowledge, has contracted me in *Flanders.*
Oct. *Antonio* the Man to whom y'are contracted?
Porcia the Bride, whom he is come to marry?
Porc. The very ſame.
Oct. Why did you not acquaint me with it ſooner?
Porc. Alas, I have not ſeen you ſince I knew it;
But thoſe few hours ſuch wonders have produc'd,
As exceed all belief; and ask more time
Than your unſafe condition in this place,
Will allow me, to make you comprehend it.
Cam. Coſin, I cannot blame your apprehenſions,
Nor your Suſpicion of *Antonio*'s Friendſhip:
But I am ſo poſſeſs'd with the opinion
Of his Vertue, I ſhall as ſoon believe
Impoſſibilities, as his Apoſtacy
From Honour.
Oct. What's her Concernment in *Antonio*, *Porcia*?
Porc. O that's the ſtrangeſt part of our ſad Story,
And which requires moſt time to let you know it.

[*A Blaze of Light appears at the Window, and a noiſe without.*

Porc. See, *Flora*, at the Window, what's that Light.
And noiſe we hear. [Flora *goes to the Window.*
Flor. O Madam! we are all undone, I ſee
Henrique, *Carlos*, and their Servants, with Torches,
All coming hither; and which is wonderful,
Antonio leading them with his Sword drawn.

Cam.

Cam. Thou dream'ſt, diſtracted Wench; *Antonio* falſe?
It is impoſſible [Camilla *runs to the Window,*
All ſhe has ſaid, is in appearance true, *and turning back ſays,*
There's ſure ſome hidden Myſtery, which thus
Abuſes us; for I ſhall ne'r believe
Antonio can tranſgreſs the Rules of Friendſhip.

Oct. Friendſhip's a ſpecious Name, made to deceive
Thoſe, whoſe Good Nature tempts them to believe;
The Traffique of good Offices 'mongſt Friends,
Moves from our ſelves, and in our ſelves it ends.
When Competition brings us to the teſt,
Then we find Friendſhip is ſelf-intereſt.

Porc. Ye Powers above! What pleaſure can ye take
To perſecute Submitting Innocence?

Oct. Retire, dear *Porcia*, to that inner Room,
For ſhould thy Cruel Brother find thee here,
He's ſo revolted from Humanity,
He'll mingle thine, with my Impurer Blood.

Porc. That were a kind of Contract; let him come,
We'll meet at once Marriage and Martyrdome.

Oct. Soul of my life, retire.

Porc. I will not leave you.

Oct. Thou preſerv'ſt me by ſaving of thy ſelf;
For they can murder onely half of me,
Whil'ſt that my better part ſurvives in thee.

Porc. I will die too, *Octavio*, to maintain,
That different Cauſes form the ſame Effects;
'Tis Courage in you Men, Love in our Sex.

Oct. Though Souls no Sexes have, when w'are above,
If we can know each other, we may love.

Porc. I'll meet you there above here take my word. [Octavio
This *Porcia* knows, the way of joyning Souls, *takes her hand*
As well as th'other when ſhe ſwallow'd Coals, *and kiſſes it.*

[*They retire to the other Room,* Porcia *leaning on* Camilla, *and* Octavio *waits on them to the door.*

Die. Nay if y'are good at that, the Devil take

The

The hindmoſt; 'tis for your ſake fair *Flora* [*Taking* Flora *by the hand.*
I ſhun theſe honourable occaſions.
Having no Weapon, Sir, 'tis fit that I
March off with the Baggage. [*Turning to* Octavio.

[*Exeunt* Diego, Flora.

Oct. I'm now upon the Frontiers of this Life,
There's but one ſtep to Immortality;
And ſince my cruel Fortune has allow'd me
No other witneſs of my Tragick end,
But a falſe Friend and Barbarous Enemy,
I'l leave my *Genius* to inform the World,
My Life and Death was uniform; as I
Liv'd firm to Love and Honour, ſo I die. [*Draws his Sword.*
Look down ye Spirits above, for, *If there be*
A ſight on Earth worthy of you to ſee,
'Tis a brave Man purſu'd by unjuſt hate,
Bravely contending with his adverſe Fate. [*Waving his Sword.*
Stay till this Heaven-born Soul puts off her Earth,
And ſhe'll attend ye to her place of Birth.

Enter Antonio, Henrique, Carlos, *and* Pedro, *their Swords drawn*, Antonio *before the reſt.*

Ant. Where is the Man whoſe Inſolence and Folly
Has ſo miſled him to affront my Friend?

Oct. Here is the Man thou ſeek'ſt, and he, whom thou
So baſely haſt betray'd.

Ant. Oh Heavens! what is't I ſee? it is *Octavio*,
My Friend.

Oct. Not thy Friend, *Antonio*, but 'tis *Octavio*,
Who by thy Perfidy has been betray'd
To this forlorn Condition; but Vile Man,
Thou now ſhalt pay thy Treachery with thy Life.
[Octavio *makes at* Antonio.

Ant. Hold *Octavio*, though thy Injurious Error
May tranſport thee, it ſhall not me, beyond
The Bounds of Honour; Heaven knows I thought
Of nothing leſs, than what I find, *Octavio*

In

In this place.

Henr. What pauſe is this, *Antonio?* All your Fervour
In the Concernments of a Brother in Law,
Reduc'd to a tame Parly with our Enemy?
Do all the Promiſes you have made to me,
T'aſſiſt my juſt Revenge, conclude in this?

Oct. Do all the Promiſes you have made to me,
T'aſſiſt my vertuous Love, conclude in this?

Henr. Where is your wonted Bravery? Where your Kindneſs?
To ſuch a near Allie?

Oct. Where is your former Honour? Where your Firmneſs?
To ſuch an ancient Friend?

Ant. What courſe ſhall my Diſtracted Honour ſteer,
Betwixt theſe equal oppoſite Engagements? } *Aſide.*

Henr. What, demur ſtill? Nay then I'll right my ſelf.

[Henrique *makes at* Octavio, Antonio *turns on* Octavio's *ſide.*]

Ant. Who attacques *Octavio*, muſt paſs through me.

Carl. I muſt lay hold on this occaſion. [*Aſide.*
Good Coſin, I conjure you to reſtrain
Your Paſſion for a while, there lies conceal'd
Some Myſtery in this, which once unfolded,
May Reconcile this Difference.

Henr. Sweetly propos'd, Sir, an Accommodation?
Think'ſt thou my Anger's like a Fire of Straw,
Onely to Blaze, and then Expire in Smoak?
Think'ſt thou I can forget my Name and Nation,
And Barter for Revenge, when Honour Bleeds?
His Life muſt pay this Inſolence, or mine.

[*He makes at* Octavio *again*, Antonio *interpoſes.*]

Ant. Mine muſt protect his, or elſe periſh with him.

Henr. Since neither Faith nor Friendſhip can prevail,
'Tis time to try what proof you are, *Antonio*,
Againſt your own near Intereſt; Know that Man,
Whom you protect againſt my juſt Revenge,
Has ſeconded his Inſolence to me
By foul Attempts upon my Siſter's honour;
Your *Porcia*'s, Sir, if this will not enflame you?

[Antonio

[Antonio *turns from* Octavio; *and beholds him with a ſtern countenance.*

Oct. How! I attempt your Siſters Honour, *Henrique?*
The Parent of your black Deſigns, the Devil, [Antonio *turns and*
Did ne'r invent a more malicious Falſhood; *looks ſternly upon*
'Tis true, that I have ſerv'd the Vertuous *Porcia*, Henrique.
With ſuch Devotion, and ſuch ſpotleſs Love,
That, though unworthy, yet ſhe has been pleas'd [Antonio *turns*
To recompence my Paſſion, with Eſteem; *and looks ſternly*
By which, ſhe has ſo chain'd me to her ſervice, *upon* Octavio.
That here I vow either to live her Prize,
Or elſe in Death to fall Love's Sacrifice.

Ant. O Heavens! what's that I hear? Thou bleſſed Angel,
Guardian of my Honour, I now implore
Thy powerful aſſiſtance, to preſerve
That Reputation, which I hitherto
By Vertuous Actions have maintain'd unblemiſh'd; [*He pauſes a*
In vain, Don *Henrique*, you deſign to change *little, and rubs*
My Reſolutions; it muſt ne'r be ſaid, *his Fore-head.*
That Paſſion could deturn *Antonio*
From the ſtrict Rules of Honour; Sir, I tell you
Nothing can make me violate my firſt
Engagement.

Henr. Nay, then, thou ſhalt die too, Perfidious Man;
Ho! *Geraldo, Pedro, Leonido.*

Enter Geraldo, Pedro, Leonido, *with their Swords drawn, and joyn with* Henrique; Carlos *interpoſes.*

Carl. For Heaven's ſake, Coſin, draw not on your ſelf
The horrid Infamy of Aſſaſſinating
Perſons of Noble Blood, by ſervile Hands.

Henr. Do you defend them too? Kill 'em I ſay.

Ant. Retire *Octavio*, I'll ſuſtain their ſhock.

Oct. *Octavio* retire?

Ant. Truſt me you muſt, they will ſurround us elſe;
Through that narrow Paſſage they'l aſſail us

With leſs advantage.

[*They retire fighting off the Stage*; Henrique *and his Men purſuing them, and* Carlos *endeavoring to ſtop Don* Henrique.

Henr. What d'ye give back, ye men of mighty Fame?
Ant. Don *Henrique*, you ſhall quickly find, 'tis Honour,
Not Fear, makes me retire. [*Exeunt.*

Enter preſently Antonio *and* Octavio *at another Door, which* Antonio *bolts.*

Ant. Now we ſhall have a breathing while at leaſt,
Octavio, and time to look about us;
Pray ſee yon other Door be faſt.

[Octavio *ſteps to the Door where they went out, and* Henrique *bounces at the Door they came in at.*

Henr. Geraldo, fetch an Iron Bar to force [*Within. Aloud.*
The Door.

[Antonio *goes to both the Doors, to ſee if they be faſt.*]

Ant. So, 'tis now as I could wiſh it;
Oct. What do you mean, Generous *Antonio?*
Ant. To kill thee now my ſelf; having perform'd
What my Engagement did exact from me
In your defence 'gainſt others; my Love now
Requires its Dues, as Honour has had his;
There's no Protection for you from my Sword,
But in your own, or in your frank Renouncing
All Claim to *Porcia*; ſhe is ſo much mine,
That none muſt Breath, and have the Vanity
Of a Pretender to her, whil'ſt I live.
Oct. I never will Renounce my Claims to *Porcia*;
But ſtill aſſert them by all noble wayes:
Yet, Sir, this hand ſhall never uſe a Sword
(Without the laſt Compulſion) 'gainſt that Man
Who has ſo much oblig'd me; no, *Antonio*,

You

You are ſecurely Guarded by the Favours
Which you ſo franckly have confer'd upon me.
Ant. Pray, Sir, let not your pretended Gratitude
Enervate your Defence; 'tis not my Cuſtom
To ſerve my Friends with Proſpects of Return.
Oct. And, Sir, 'tis not my Cuſtom to receive
An Obligation, but with a purpoſe,
And within the Power of my Return.
Friendſhip, Antonio, *is reciprocal,*
He that will onely Give, and not Receive,
Enſlaves the Perſon whom he would Relieve:
Ant. Your Rule is right, but you apply it wrong,
It was *Octavio*, my *Camerade* in Arms,
And ancient Friend, whom I deſign'd to ſerve;
Not that Diſloyal Man, who has invaded
My Honour and my Love: *'Tis the Intent*
Which forms the Obligation, not th' Event.
Oct. I call thoſe Powers, who both diſcern and puniſh,
To witneſs for me, that I never knew
You e'r pretended to Don *Henrique's* Siſter,
Before I came within theſe fatal Walls:
This I declare, onely to clear my ſelf,
From th'Imputation of Diſloyalty,
And to prevent the Progreſs of your Error.
Ant. How can I think you ſhould ſpeak truth to me,
Who am a Witneſs y'have been falſe to her,
To whom you now profeſs ſo high Devotion.
Oct. I falſe to *Porcia!* take heed, *Antonio*,
So foul an Injury provokes too much;
But, Sir, I muſt confeſs I owe you more,
Than the Forgiveneſs of one groſs Miſtake.
Ant. Rare Impudence! I muſt not truſt my Senſes.
Oct. If we cannot adjuſt this Competition,
Let's charge our envious Fortunes, not our Paſſions,
With this fatal breach of Friendſhip.
Ant. Leave your diſcourſes and defend your ſelf,
Either immediately renounce all Claims
To *Porcia*, or this muſt ſpeak the reſt. [*Shaking his Sword.*

Oct. Nay, then, this muſt reply. [*They fight.*

[*A Noiſe as if the Door were broken open.*]

Enter Henrique, Carlos, Leonido, Geraldo, *with their Swords drawn.*

Henr. What's this! *Antonio* fighting with *Octavio*?
This Bravery is exceſſive, Gallant Friend,
Not to allow a ſhare in your Revenge
To him, who's moſt concern'd; he muſt not fall
Without ſome Marks of mine.

[Henrique *makes at* Octavio, *and* Antonio *turns to* Octavio's *ſide.*

Ant. Nay, then my Honour you invade anew,
And by aſſaulting him, revive in me
My Pre-engagements to protect and ſerve him
Againſt all others.
Henr. Why, were not you, *Antonio*, fighting with him?
Were you not doing all you could, to kill him?
Ant. Henrique, 'tis true, but finding in my Breaſt
An equal ſtrife 'twixt Honour and Revenge,
I do in juſt compliance with them both
Preſerve him from your Sword, to fall by mine.
Carl. Brave Man, how nicely he does Honour weigh!
Juſtice her ſelf holds not the Scales more even.
Henr. My Honour ſuffers more, as yet, than yours,
And I muſt have my ſhare in the Revenge.
Ant. My Honour, Sir, is ſo ſublim'd by Love,
'Twill not admit Compariſon or Rival.
Henr. Either he muſt renounce all Claims to *Porcia*,
Or die immediately.
Ant. Y'are i'the right, that he muſt do, or die:
But by no other hand than mine.
Oct. Ceaſe your Contention, and turn all your Swords
Againſt this Breaſt; whil'ſt *Porcia* and I have breath,
She muſt be mine, there's no Divorce but Death.

Henr.

Henr. I'll hear no more, protect him if thou canſt;
Kill the Slave, kill him, I ſay.

[Henrique *makes at him, and* Carlos *endeavors to interpoſe.*

Carl. For Heaven's ſake hold a Moment, certainly
There's ſome miſtake lies hidden here, which clear'd,
Might hinder theſe Extreams.

[Henrique *and his Servants preſs* Antonio *and* Octavio.

[Flora *peeps out, and ſeeing them fight cries out* Camilla! Porcia! Camilla *and* Porcia *looking out, both ſhreek and then run out upon the Stage.*

Enter Porcia *and* Camilla *from the Inner Room.*

Porc. Don *Henrique!*
Cam. Antonio! Carlos!
Porc. Octavio!
Camilla and *Porcia* together. } Hear us but ſpeak, hear us but ſpeak.
Henr. By Heavens 'tis *Porcia*! Why how came ſhe here?
Carl Why did not I tell you ſhe was brought hither
By my Directions? you would not believe me.
Henr. But how then could *Octavio* come hither?
Carl. Nay that Heaven knows; you heard as well as I
Your Man's Relation.
Henr. Ah, thou Vile Woman, that I could deſtroy
Thy Memory, with thy Life. [*He offers to run at* Porcia, Antonio *interpoſes.*
Ant. Hold, Sir, that muſt not be.
Henr. What may not I do Juſtice upon her
Neither?
Ant. No Sir; although I have not yet the Honour
To know who this Lady is, I have this Night
Engag'd my ſelf, both to ſecure and ſerve her.
Carl. He knows not *Porcia*; who was i'the right,

Don

Don *Henrique*, you, or I.

Henr. He not know *Porcia*! why 'tis not an hour,
Since I ſaw him entertaining her at home;
Sure w'are enchanted, and all we ſee's Illuſion.

Cam. Allow me, *Henrique*, to unſpel theſe Charms;
Who is't, *Octavio*, you pretend to? ſpeak.

Oct. You might have ſpar'd that queſtion, Madam, none
Knows ſo well as you, 'tis *Porcia* I adore.

Ant. *Porcia*'s my Wife; Diſloyal Man thou dy'ſt.

[*Offers to make at* Octavio.

Cam. Hold Sir, which is the *Porcia* you lay claim too?

Ant. Can you doubt of that? why ſure you know too well
The Conqueſt that you made ſo long ago,
Of my poor heart in *Flanders*.

Carl. Conqueſt! poor heart! *Flanders!* what can this mean?

Henr. New Riddles every moment do ariſe,
And Myſteries are born of Myſteries.

Car. Sure, 'tis the Paſtime of the Deſtinies
To mock us, for pretending to be wiſe.

Cam. Thanks be to Heaven, our work draws near an end
Coſin, it belongs to you to finiſh it.

Porc. To free you from that *Labyrinth*, *Antonio*,
In which a ſlight miſtake, not rectifi'd,
Involv'd us all, know, the ſuppos'd *Porcia*,
Whom you ſo long have lov'd 's the true *Camilla*.

Cam. And you, Don *Henrique*, know, that Don *Octavio*
Has alwayes been your Siſter's faithful Lover,
And onely feign'd a Gallantry to me,
To hide his real paſſion for my Coſin
From your diſcerning eyes.

Ant. Generous *Octavio*.

Oct. Brave *Antonio*, how happy are we both! [*They embrace.*
Both in our Loves and Friendſhips!

Ant. *Ah! how the memory of our Croſſes paſt,*
Heightens our joys when we ſucceed at laſt.

Oct. *Our pleaſures in this world are alwayes mix'd,*
'Tis in the next where all our joys are fix'd.

[Camilla

[Camilla *takes* Antonio *by the hand, and leads him to Don* Carlos.

Cam. This, my dear Brother, is that brave *Commander*,
To whom you owe your Life and Liberty;
And I much more, the ſafety of my Honour.
Carl. Is this that Gallant Leader, who redeem'd us
With ſo much Valour from the Enemy?
Cam. The very ſame?
Carl. Why did not you acquaint me with it ſooner?
'Twas ill done *Camilla.*
Cam. Alas, my deareſt Brother, Gratitude [*Drawing* Carlos *aſide.*
Conſpiring with the Graces of his Perſon,
So ſoon poſſeſs'd him of my Heart, that I
Aſham'd of ſuch a Viſionary Love,
Durſt never truſt my Tongue with my own Thoughts.
Carl. 'Tis enough, Here Sir, take from me her Hand [*Addreſſing to* Anton.
Whoſe Heart, your Merit has long ſince made yours.

[Antonio *takes* Camilla's *hand and kiſſes it.*

Ant. Sir, with your leave, and hers, I ſeal the Vows
Of my Eternal Faith, unto you both.
Carl. But let's take heed, *Antonio*, leaſt whilſt we
Are joying in our mutual happineſs,
Don *Henrique*'s ſcarcely yet composd Diſtemper
Revive not, and diſorder us afreſh:
I like not his grim poſture.
Ant. 'Tis well thought on, let's approach him.

[Octavio *holding* Porcia *by the hand, advances towards* Henrique.

Oct. Here, with reſpect, we wait your Confirmation
Of that, which ſeems to be decreed above,
Though travers'd by unlucky Accidents,
This Lady, your Incomparable Siſter,
Can witneſs, that I never did invade
Your paſſion for *Camilla*; and *Pedro*'s death

Happen'd

Happen'd by your miſtaken Jealouſie;
The Cauſes of your Hate being once remov'd,
'Tis juſt, Don *Henrique*, the Effects ſhould ceaſe.
Henr. I ſhall conſult my Honour.
Carl. You cannot take a better Councellor
In this Caſe, than your own and Siſter's Honour;
What, to ſecure them both, could have been wiſh'd
Beyond what Fate has of it ſelf produc'd?
Henr. How hard it is to act upon Conſtraint,
That, which I could have wiſh'd, I now would flie;
Since 'tis obtruded by Neceſſity.
'Tis fit that I conſent, but yet I muſt
Still ſeem diſpleas'd, that m' Anger may ſeem juſt. } *Aſide.*
Ant. Noble Don *Henrique* you may reckon me
To be as truly yours, by this Alliance,
As if a Brother's Name ſubſiſted ſtill.
Henr. Well, I muſt yield, I ſee, or worſe will follow. [*Aſide.*
He is a Fool who thinks by force, or skill,
To turn the Current of a Womans Will.
Since fair *Camilla* is *Antonio*'s Lot,
I *Porcia* yield to Don *Antonio*'s Friend.
Our Strength and Wiſdom muſt ſubmit to Fate,
Stript of my Love, I will put off my Hate.
Here, take her hand, and may ſhe make you, Sir, [Henrique *takes*
Happier than ſhe has done me. Porcia *by the hand and gives her to* Octavio.

Diego *and* Flora *advance.*

Flor. Had e'r Diſorders ſuch a rare come-off?
Methinks 'twould make a fine Plot for a Play.
Die. Faith *Flora*, I ſhould have the worſt of that;
For by the Laws of *Comedy*, 'twould be
My Lot to marry you.
Oct. Well thought on, *Diego*, though 'tis ſpoke in jeſt;
We cannot do, a better thing, in earneſt
Than to joyn theſe, who ſeem to have been made
For one another; what ſay'ſt thou to it, *Flora*?

Flor.

Flor. Troth, I have had ſo many frights this night,
That I am e'n afraid to lie alone.

[Diego *takes her by the hand.*

Die. Give me thy hand ſweet *Flora*, 'tis a Bargain,
I promiſe thee, dear Spouſe, I'll do my beſt
To make thee firſt repent this earneſt jeſt.
Flor. You may miſtake; we have a certain way
By going halves, to match your fouleſt play.
Carl. Since this laſt happy *Scene* is in my Houſe,
You'll make Collation with me e'r ye part.
Ant. } Agreed, agreed, agreed.
Oct. }
Ant. Thus end the ſtrange *Adventures of Five Hours*;
As ſometimes Bluſtring Storms, in Gentle Showres.

[*Addreſſing to the Pit.*

Oct. Thus *Noble Gallants*, after Bluſtring Lives,
You'll end, as we have done, in taking Wives.
Die. Hold Sirs! there's not an end as yet, for then,
Comes your own Bratts, and thoſe of other Men.
Henr. Beſides the cares of th'honour of your Race,
Which, as you know, is my accurſed Caſe.

[*Addreſſing to the Boxes.*

Cam. You *Ladies*, whil'ſt unmarried, tread on ſnares,
Married, y'are cumber'd with Domeſtick Cares.
Porc. If handſome, y'are by Fools and Fame attack'd;
If ugly, then, by your own Envy rack'd.
Flor. We, by unthrifty Parents forc'd to ſerve,
When fed are Slaves; and when w'are free, we ſtarve.
Carl. Which put together, we muſt needs confeſs,
This World is not the Scene of Happineſs,

THE EPILOGUE,

By Mr. *SMITH.*

OUr Poet Gentlemen, *thought to ſteal away,*
Hoping thoſe wretched Rimes, i'th' end o'th' PLAY,
Might ſerve for Epilogue; *for truly He*
Takes Epilogues *for arrant Bribery;*
H' obſerves your Poet, in our Modern Plays,
Humbly ſheweth, and then as humbly prays:
So that it can't be ſaid, what they have writ
Was without fear, though often without wit.
He truſts (as ye ſay Papiſts *do) to Merit;*
Leaves you (like Quakers) *to be mov'd by th' Spirit.*
But ſince that Epilogues *are ſo much in vogue,*
Take this as Prologue *to the* Epilogue.

By

By Mr. *HARRIS.*

SOme, aſſoon as th'enter, we wiſh 'em gon;
Taking their Viſit, as a Viſitation.
Tet when they go, there are certain Grimaces
(Which in plain Engliſh is but making Faces)
That we (for manners ſake) to all allow.
The Poet's *parting; don't riſe, but ſmile and bow;*
And's back being turn'd, ye may take the Liberty
To turn him, and all h'as writ, to Raillery.
Now, as I ſhall be ſav'd, were I, as you,
I'd make no bones on't, why 'tis but his due.
A Fopp! in this brave Licentious Age,
To bring his muſty Morals *on the Stage!*
Rime us to Reaſon? and our Lives redreſs
In Meeter? as Druids *did the* Savages;
Affront the free-born Vices of the Nation?
And bring dull Vertue into Reputation?
Vertue! Would any man of common ſenſe
Pretend to't? Why Vertue now is Impudence;
And ſuch another modeſt Play *would blaſt*
Our new Stage, *and put your Palates out of Taſt.*
We told him, Sir, 'Tis whiſper'd i'the Pit,
This may be Common Senſe, but 'tis not Wit;
That has a Flaming Spirit, and ſtirs the Blood;
That's Bawdery, *ſaid he, if rightly underſtood:*
Which our Late Poets make their chiefeſt Tasks,
As if they writ onely to th' Vizard-Masks.

Nor

Nor that Poetick Rage, *which hectors Heaven,*
Your Writers Stile, like's Temper's grown more even;
And he's afraid to ſhock their tender Ears,
Whoſe God, ſay they's the Fiction of their fears;
Your Morals, *to no purpoſe; He reply'd*
Some Men talk'd idlely juſt before they dy'd.
And yet we heard 'em with reſpect: 'Twas all he ſaid.
Well we may count him now, as good as dead:
And ſince Ghoſts have left walking, if you pleaſe,
We'll let our Vertuous Poet reſt in Peace.

FINIS.